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SONGS OF BEREAVEMENT.

I.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

(Holy Eve, 1914.)

Of—since 'tis old she has grown,
Whom the grudging days bereave,
Year on long year and lone,
Till her thoughts of their dim path
tire,

Turned back so far to grieve—
Of, when falls Holy Eve,
Part hoping, part adread,
She has heaped the sods of her fire,
And here in its flickering glow
Has the meal, remembering, spread
For you, her bitter woe,
For you, O her heart's desire,
For you faring home from the dead.

Nay, but she knows not this night
If the lad yet wake or sleep,
Lost in the far-off flight,
Where beyond the sound of our sea
Fierce battle-thunders sweep
Swift down a shoreless deep
Full many a dear-rued head.
Until dawn from fear shall free,
Her heart can find no rest,
Still awaiting, sore bestead,
That loved unwelcome guest:
*Lest loner than lone I be,
Come not home to me with the Dead.*

II.—DIVISION.

Give Norah Shcúe, poor soul, who begs
her bread,
The penny that she asks,
To bring down showers of blessing on
your head
A nimble tongue she tasks;
*Long may ye live, and happy may ye
die,*

Of, and again I have heard her prayer
framed so:
She called it after us when he and I
Fared by a week ago . . .

Far lances flash, a bugle's shrill com-
mand,
In saddle all his troop;
To let him mount his mare will hardly
stand,
Full gallop off they swoop:
The fretting hooves throb free; he
thinks so well
Fay never went; they ne'er at fence
did ride

In such a glorious run. Down crashed
the shell—
No fear! he happy died.

That both should see a whole good
wish come true
Was more than Fate could grant.
If Norah's boon thus halved between us
two,
One share of joy be scant,
Accept I yet the dole I would fain
forego;
Since fair his lot, mine own must
needs forgive;
Yea learn alone as days—as hours—
creep slow,
How years are long to live.

The Nation.

Jane Barlow.

NIGHT.

Burning our hearts out with longing
The daylight passed:
Millions and millions together,
The stars at last!

Purple the woods where the dewdrops,
Pearly and gray,
Wash in the cool from our faces
The flame of day.

Glory and shadow grow one in
The hazel wood:
Laughter and peace in the stillness
Together brood.

Hopes all unearthly are thronging
In hearts of earth:
Tongues of the starlight are calling
Our souls to birth.

Down from the heaven its secrets
Drop one by one;
Where time is for ever beginning
And time is done.

There light eternal is over
Chaos and night:
Singing with dawn lips for ever,
"Let there be light!"

There too for ever in twilight
Time slips away,
Closing in darkness and rapture
Its awful day.

A. E.

INDIA'S PART IN THE WAR.*

I.

The part that India has elected to play in the European war has astonished most people. The surprise is as pleasant for the Empire to which Hindostan has so enthusiastically rallied as it is unpleasant to those ranged against the British and their Allies.

The cause for wonderment is not far to seek. For years on end, friends and foes alike have been describing India as being in a state of acute unrest. The world at large has been told that Great Britain's Oriental Dependency was discontented with British rule. This statement has been published in a variety of forms, reflecting largely the temperament of the writer and his prejudices for or against the British, and his enmity or otherwise towards that section of Indians who are commonly designated as "the educated Indians," the "English, or Western, educated Natives," "the *babus*," &c. Some scribes have not hesitated to write that the whole of this Indian community was disloyal to the core, that some of its members were tampering with the "native" soldiers, and

inciting the illiterate masses to rebel against constituted authority. A few have gone even further, and stated that while the educated classes were disaffected on account of the Britons monopolizing positions of power in the Government and rudely treating Indians of culture and high standing, the unlettered millions felt the heaviness of the British yoke, and were tired of paying rack rents and abiding in conditions so wretched that the Western imagination is incapable of conjuring them up before the mind's eye. Some have not exaggerated the proportion so vastly. They have merely given it as their opinion that only a portion of "educated Indians" are rebels and are seeking to pervert the rising generation of Indians by means of ingenious innuendo in the press and from the platform, and by means of a well-organized secret propaganda.

Whatever the particular form adopted by different writers on Indian discontent, the average person in the United Kingdom and other parts of the world has, of recent years, cherished a more or less vague feeling that a revolution was brewing in India, and that sooner or later Britain would have to reckon with it. He has felt that the mischief was being made by Indians who had been invested with Western education in the colleges and schools established by the British in the Peninsula. He has believed that whatever action the British Administrators took to disarm the campaign, whether by way of punishing irreconcilables or conciliating the mild agitators, has not availed. This has inspired a fatalistic tendency to regard the situation as hopeless. People of radical tendencies and those cherishing hatred for the English have conjured up worse horrors. They have regarded India as a vast heap of

* "Handbooks for the Indian Army: Brahmins." By Captain A. H. Bingley and Captain A. Nicholls, 1897; "Rajputs." By Captain A. H. Bingley, 1898; "Sikhs." By Captain A. H. Bingley, 1899; "Mappilas or Moplahs." By Major P. Holland-Pryor, 1904; "Jats, Gujars, and Ahirs." By Major A. H. Bingley, 1904; "Gurkhas." By Lieut.-Col. Eden Vansittart, 1906; "Marathas and Dekhani Musalmans." By Major R. M. Betham, 1908; "Dogras." By Captain A. H. Bingley, revised by Major A. B. Longdon, 1910; "Pathans." By Major R. T. I. Ridgway, 1910. Compiled under the orders of the Government of India; published by the Superintendent of Government Printing, India, Calcutta and Simla.

"The People of India." By Sir H. H. Risley. (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.)

"A Handbook of the Fighting Races of India." By P. D. Bonarjee. (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.) 1899.

"Indian Unrest." By Sir Valentine Chirol, Kt. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 1910.

"Administrative Problems of British India." By Joseph Chailley. Translated from the French by Sir William Meyer, K.C.I.E. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) 1910.

"India Under Curson and After." By Lovat Fraser. (London: William Heinemann.) 1911.

"A Study in Ideals: Great Britain and India." By Manmath C. Mallik. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 1912.

tinder which a stray spark might set ablaze any moment.

Among those who have imagined Hindostan to be in this highly inflammable condition, the Germans head the list. Probably their wish to see Britain down in the dust has been largely, if not altogether, responsible for this conception. Or the impression may have been formed from the wild statements made current by half-educated Indians turned revolutionaries by contact with German and other radicals. It has been known to those conversant with Indian affairs that a settlement of Hindu firebrands has existed for years in Germany, and issued a sanguinary sheet called the *Tahcar*, or sword.

Whatever the cause for the general notions current about Indian unrest may have been, stray happenings in the Peninsula have seemingly confirmed them. Ever since the middle of the last decade there has been considerable agitation in the press and from the platform. A movement for the boycott of British goods originated about that time. In 1907 the propaganda to terrorize the officials by throwing bombs and firing revolvers at them and inflicting death or physical hurt upon them by other means manifested itself. Not a year has passed since then without such attempts being made, many of them ending in ghastly tragedies. These outrages have had the effect of deepening the general impression that India was greatly disaffected.

It is said, with what authority I am unable to verify, that were it not for this notion Germany would have hesitated to go to war with Britain. Those who venture to suggest this add that the Teutons believed that the Rajas, who for years have been described as longing for a good opportunity to shake off the British yoke, would find that chance when Britain was embroiled on the Continent, and the dis-

contented classes and masses would flock to the standards of these mutinous Indian Rulers.

Delusions so egregious have not been cherished by all; but comparatively few people have been wise enough to interpret the Indian unrest in its true light. Its real character was simply this: Indians who are enlightened enough to review the march of events are grateful for the manifold blessings that British rule has conferred upon Hindostan. Immunity from external attack and settled internal conditions have given India that peace which it had not enjoyed for many decades preceding the establishment of British dominance, and for lack of which its institutions were deteriorating. The British established a system of public instruction which has lifted the veil of ignorance from a part of India's face. The construction of means of communication of many sorts—roads and bridges, railways, posts, telegraphs, wireless telegraphs and telephones—and other public works, the codification of laws and the establishment of courts of justice, and other features of modern government, have conduced to the general well-being of Indians.

While recognizing these blessings which India owes to British rule, Indians are conscious that the Administration needs such improvements as are possible only in case Indians are given self-government. No greater autonomy is desired than that enjoyed by such dominions as Canada, Australia, &c., and even that measure of self-government is not asked for immediately in a single instalment. However, the majority of "educated Indians" feel that the pace at which those responsible for the Indian Administration are advancing Indians along the constitutional path is far too slow, and they are agitating for greater speed to be put into it.

When these basic facts concerning

Indian unrest are realized, it is easy enough to see the folly of those who cherished the delusion that Hindostan was ready to assert its independence the moment it found that Great Britain was engaged in a death struggle on the Continent and could not spare the military force to keep India's 315,000,000 people in a state of subjection. The moment it is realized that Indians—ignoring, of course, the irreconcilables, who are now known to form a very inconsiderable portion of “educated Indians”—are agitating, not to break away from the Empire, but to better their status in the Empire, the part that India has chosen to play during the course of this war causes no surprise whatever.

II.

Few people in the United Kingdom and the Over-Seas Dominions and Colonies have really grasped the comprehensive character of the aid India is rendering to the Empire at this crisis. I may, therefore, note down the principal facts concerning this activity.

First and foremost, “educated Indians” have voluntarily given up agitation on all questions.

Second, Indians of all ranks, religions and races—Rajas and commoners, educated and illiterate, military and civil, Hindu, Musalman, Sikh, Indian, Christian, &c., and Aryan and non-Aryan—have each and all undertaken to do everything in their power to aid the British in crushing the common enemy.

1. The Rajas—nearly 700 in number—have placed their military resources at the disposal of the Empire. Some of them have undertaken to lead their soldiers into action, and a few have actually journeyed to the Continent for this purpose. Two Rajas, the Nizam of Hyderabad, His Highness *Nizam-ul-Mulk, Nizam-ud-Daula*, Nawab *Mir Sir Usman Ali Khan Bahadur*,

G.C.S.I., and the Maharaja of Mysore, Colonel His Highness *Sri Sir Krishnaraja Wadiar Bahadur*, G.C.S.I., between them have given nearly three-quarters of a million pounds (one hundred lakhs of rupees) to be used in defraying the expenses of the units comprised in the Indian contingent of the British Expeditionary Force. Many others have contributed towards the war-chest and towards various relief funds, and have offered to supply thousands of remounts, stores, &c. Some of them—the Maharaja of Gwalior, Major-General His Highness *Sir Madho Rao Sindhia Bahadur*, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., LL.D., A.D.C., the Begum of Bhopal, Her Highness *Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum*, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.I., and others have banded together to fit out a hospital ship, most appropriately named the *Loyalty*, to transport wounded soldiers to points where they can be properly cared for.

2. Wealthy and influential Indians have rushed forward to do all they can to comfort the soldiers at the front, to woo back to health those who have been wounded, and to mitigate the distress of the families left behind them. Indian names are to be found upon the lists of various funds opened in the United Kingdom. Relief funds have been opened in India, and have been generously supported by all classes.

Monetary aid, however, is not the only assistance proffered. “Educated Indians” engaged in various professions and in Government services, and the students in colleges and high schools, have volunteered to receive training in medical relief work, and are fitting themselves to be useful in minimizing the havoc wrought by modern warfare. Indians studying at the British Universities and at the Courts of Inns, &c., in the United Kingdom have been as quick to organize themselves into corps and render relief to wounded soldiers.

3. The martial races of India have obeyed the summons to the firing line with an alacrity and enthusiasm which would do credit to any member of the Empire knit together with Great Britain by ties of the closest blood relationship.

III.

Very little has appeared in the British press in appreciation of the patriotic move made by "educated Indians" to refrain from doing anything that might in any way weaken or impair the authority of the British Indian Government or cause any complication or embarrassment while the Empire is engaged in the present stupendous struggle. Indeed, some misguided Britons have been foolish enough to seek to belittle this action, or to ascribe low motives to it.

It is not necessary for me to say much in order to bring out the importance of the Imperial service which my countrymen have rendered by sinking, for the time being, all differences which existed between them and the Government. Clamorous agitation during this crisis would have been injurious to the Imperial cause. The recital of grievances against a foreign domination at a time when the war has rendered the people excitable might easily have led to more or less serious disturbance of the peace. It, therefore, means that if Indians, through lack of Imperial spirit, had kept up their agitation, no matter how legitimate it might have been, it would have been necessary for the Government to maintain the military strength in the Peninsula at its highest pitch, in order to be ready for any emergency. Nay, in that hypothetical case it might have been necessary to reinforce the British garrison in India. It was this contingency, it is said, that Great Britain's enemies counted upon.

By the magnanimous spirit that "educated Indians" have shown at this

juncture, they have confounded their Suzerain's foes. Their action, in this respect, is on a par with that of Ireland and of the Suffragettes. The resolve on the part of all these factions to desist from agitation so long as the war lasts has made for solidarity, without which it would have been chimerical to expect to be able to carry on so stupendous a struggle.

Special stress must be laid upon the Imperial spirit that is being exhibited by Indian Musalmans. Their decision to refrain from agitation has an important bearing upon the situation. The Moslem is an emotional person. The phrase "holy war" (*jehad*) is apt to inflame his passions. German machinations have led Turkey to become embroiled in the present conflict. The Kaiser's tools, bearing Musalman names but professing Islam no more than does a non-Moslem like myself, have declared a "holy war" against Great Britain and its Allies, and have issued proclamations inciting Musalmans all over the world to strengthen the hands of Wilhelm. In this circumstance, if "educated Indo Moslems" were bent upon carrying on agitation against the British Indian Government, no matter in how constitutional a manner, there might have been grave danger of setting afire the inflammable Moslem masses.

As it is, "educated" Musalmans are doing their utmost to expose the Turkish tactics in their true colors. Men so highly placed as the Nizam of Hyderabad and His Highness the Aga Khan, Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., LL.D. (hon. Camb.), have issued manifestoes pleading with their co-religionists not to be misled by the action dictated by Berlin. Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, who possesses the unique distinction of being the only woman ruler in the Moslem world, has come forward with equal alacrity and pointed out that the

Caliph, or head of Islam, has had no more to do with initiating this outrage than an unborn babe. The effect of these declarations is so far-reaching that it is advisable for me to reproduce two of them, showing the spirit in which all of them are written.

The Nizam of Hyderabad issued the following manifesto:

"In view of the present aspect of the war in Europe, let it be generally known that at this critical juncture it is the bounden duty of the Mohammedans of India to adhere firmly to their old and tried loyalty to the British Government, especially when there is no Moslem or non-Moslem Power in the world under which they enjoy such personal and religious liberty as they do in India, and when, moreover, they are assured by the British Government that, as it has in the past always stood the best friend of Islam, so will it continue to be Islam's best friend, and will always protect and cherish its Moslem subjects.

"I reiterate that in the crisis before us the Mohammedan inhabitants of India, especially the subjects of this State, should, if they care for their own welfare and prosperity, remain firm and whole-hearted in their loyalty and obedience; swerve not a hair's breadth from their devotion to the British Government, whose cause I am convinced is just and right; keep sacred the tie which binds the subject people to their rulers; and, lastly, that they should in no case allow themselves to be beguiled by the wiles of any one into a course of open or secret sedition against the British Government.

"Finally, I give expression to the hope that as I, following the traditions of my ancestors, hold myself ever ready to devote my own person and all the resources of my State and all that I possess to the service of Great Britain, so will all the Mohammedans of India, especially my own beloved subjects, hold themselves whole-heartedly ready in the same way."¹

His Highness the Aga Khan, who is not the ruler of a State, but who is the spiritual head of the Khoja community of Musalmans, and has a following in and out of India of 60,000,000 Moslems, sent the following message, dated November 2, to Moslems in India and other British Dominions:

"With deep sorrow I learn that the Turkish Government has joined hands with Germany, and acting under German orders is madly attempting to wage a most unprovoked war against such mighty Sovereigns as the King-Emperor and the Tsar of Russia. This is not the true and free will of the Sultan, but of German officers and other non-Moslems who have forced him to do their bidding.

"Germany and Austria have been no disinterested friends of Islam, and while one took Bosnia, the other has long been plotting to become the Suzerain of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, including Kerbela Nejed and Baghdad. If Germany succeeds, which Heaven forbid, Turkey will become only a vassal of Germany, and the Kaiser's Resident will be the real ruler of Turkey, and will control the Holy Cities.

"No Islamic interest was threatened in this war, and our religion was not in peril, for the British and Russian Empires and the French Republic had offered to solemnly guarantee Turkey all her territories in complete independence if she had remained at peace. Turkey was the trustee of Islam, and the whole world was content to let her hold our Holy Cities in her keeping. Now that Turkey has so disastrously shown herself a tool in German hands, she has not only ruined herself, but has lost her position of trustee of Islam, and evil will overtake her. Turkey has been persuaded to draw the sword in an unholy cause from which she could be but ruined whatever else happened, and she will lose her position as a great nation, for such mighty Sovereigns as the King-Emperor and the Tsar can never be defeated. Thousands of Moslems are fighting for their Sovereigns already,

¹ Indian Papers, "The Times," November 7, 1914, page 7, column 5.

and all men must see that Turkey has not gone to war for the cause of Islam or for the defence of her independence. Thus our only duty as Moslems now is to remain loyal, faithful and obedient to our temporal and secular allegiance."²

It is also necessary to attach particular importance to the action taken by the "educated" Sikhs in giving up agitating their grievances. Roughly speaking, about one-third of the Indian ("Native") Army is composed of men professing this religion (Sikhism). The Sikh, as a rule, is a majestic fellow, tall and straight, broad-shouldered and long-limbed, with regular, handsome features. His ability to master Occidental tactics and to gain skill with Western weapons has justly made him famous as a soldier the world over. If his educated co-religionist was constantly pressing communal grievances upon the attention of the Government, it might have an unhappy effect upon these brave and efficient fighters.

Therefore the cessation of agitation for the duration of the war is a gain all round.

IV.

Among those who have resolved to refrain from constitutional agitation are men who, the British were told not so very long ago by well-known English writers, constituted the worst foes of *Pax Britannica* in the Oriental Dependency. Among these Indians I single out the name of Bal Gangadhar Tilak, of Poona, in Southern India. Sir Valentine Chirol thus writes concerning him in his *Indian Unrest*, a book dedicated, by permission, to Viscount Morley, who, about the time of its publication, was the Secretary of State for India: "If any one can claim to be truly the father of Indian unrest, it is Bal Gangadhar Tilak" (p. 41). He has served two long

terms of imprisonment for political crimes. The last one ended just a few weeks before the war was declared. Not long after he had been restored to his home and freedom he declared:

"... the present crisis is, in my opinion, a blessing in disguise inasmuch as it has universally evoked our united feelings and sentiments of loyalty to the British Throne. . . . It is, I firmly hold, the duty of every Indian, be he great or small, rich or poor, to support and assist His Majesty's Government to the best of his ability; and no time, in my opinion, should be lost in convening a public meeting of all parties, classes, and sections in Poona, as they have been elsewhere, to give an emphatic public expression to the same. It requires hardly any precedent to support such a course. But if one were needed I would refer to the proceedings of a public meeting held by the citizens of Poona so far back as 1879-80 in regard to the complications of the Afghan War, which was proceeding at the time. That proves that our sense of loyalty and desire to support the Government is both inherent and unswerving; and that we loyally appreciate our duties and responsibilities under such circumstances."³

It is not necessary for me to explain whether Mr. Tilak was always the friend of Great Britain, or whether his opinions have undergone a radical change. The quotation shows his spirit at the present time, and, I believe, reflects that of thousands upon thousands of Indians, young and old, who look upon him as an erudite scholar and an incorruptible patriot, and follow his lead. Mr. Tilak's statement may well be taken as representative of the opinion of the so-called "extremist" section of "educated Indians."

V.

So far I have only spoken of the "negative" part taken by India in the

² "The Times," November 4, 1914, page 8, column 5.

³ "The Maharata," Poona. Also "The Indian Review," Madras, September, 1914, pages 718-9.

European war. I have given it the first place because of its great importance. But it must not be taken for granted that the positive action taken by India is lightly to be valued. Both in supplying trained, fully equipped and brave fighters and affording relief to the sick and wounded soldiers, India has rendered invaluable service to the Empire in its hour of greatest need.

The number of soldiers, Indian and British, sent by India to the field is enveloped in a veil of secrecy. The motive behind the mystery is praiseworthy—it is to keep the enemy from knowing the strength that is to be thrown against him. Whether these tactics succeed in their purpose is a moot question. However, the total number of officers and men spared by India for employment in the firing line is bound to remain a secret until Lord Kitchener decides to change his policy in this respect.

Much effort seems to have been made to keep the public from knowing the names of the fighting clans to which belong the Indians who have been sent across the "black water" to fight on the Continent of Europe. Indeed, I have been told that the photographs of Indian soldiers taken in France and elsewhere have to be printed without any indication whatever being given as to their race, tribe, religion or caste.

However, the Press Bureau has published accounts which show that the Sikhs, Gurkhas, Dogras and Pathans have already seen action and distinguished themselves. The *London Gazette* recently awarded commissions to Rajas, Princes, Nobles and gentlemen, who were to fight for the British cause, some of whom are Rajputs, others Sikhs, &c. At least four Rajput Rajas, the Maharaja of Bikaner, the Maharaja of Kishengarh, the Maharaja of Jodhpur, and Sir Pertab Singhji, all of whom left India to engage in combat with France, recently

came to London to attend the funeral of the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. It is an open secret that they are going to lead Rajputs to fight against the Germans. It is, therefore, certain that at least four martial races of India, namely, the Sikhs, Gurkhas, Pathans and Rajputs (including Dogras), are actively employed at the present time. How little is known of these vallant soldiers by those for whom they are spilling their life blood! I may say a few words concerning each class of fighters.

I may, first of all, deal with the Rajputs, who unquestionably belong to one of the oldest human races, with a brilliant record as soldiers and administrators. They are the descendants of the fighting caste of Hindus—the *Kshatriyas*. Their history dates back to the days when the Indo-Aryans first settled in the Peninsula. Different tribes of them ruled various parts of Hindostan, all struggling to be supreme. So hopelessly divided were they that they were not able to resist the incursions of warlike races, such as the Scythians and Huns, which invaded India in the early centuries of the Christian era. It is contended by some scholars that the Rajputs amalgamated with these invaders, but others stoutly deny such intermixture. The Rajputs consider themselves to be pure Aryans, a claim which appears to be substantiated by modern research. In any case, the Rajputs reigned supreme in the fifth and sixth centuries. Several Rajput dynasties were exercising sway in the eighth century, when the Moslems began to invade India. These clans were at enmity with one another, and that is considered to be one of the chief reasons why India was not able to repel the onslaught of Islam.

With the establishment of Moslem rule in Hindostan the Rajputs were pulled down to a status of comparative

insignificance, but no race of Musalmans was ever able to break their indomitable spirit and reduce them to subjection. They heroically defended their possessions against the tremendous odds that Islam dispatched against them year after year, decade after decade, century after century. They took to mountain fastnesses and to the primeval forests, but did not submit to the Emperors of Delhi. The wise and benign Akbar tried to conciliate them, and some of them contracted matrimonial alliances with his family. But many of the Rajput clans disdained these overtures and held haughtily aloof.

With the decay of the Moghul power and the ascendancy of the Marathas of the Deccan the Rajput rulers of Rajputana and Central India had to face this fiery race from the south. The Marathas greatly harassed the Rajputs, despoiled their territories and subjects. The Rajputs joined forces with the British, and in course of time defeated the "mountain rats of the Deccan."

Through the long series of centuries which I have hurriedly scanned the Rajputs maintained their traditions of fighting and chivalry, their passion for soldiering and ruling, their hatred of business, agriculture, and physical labor of all kinds, and, above all, their racial pride. The Rajput to-day is a thorough gentleman, courteous and hospitable. He is fond of riding and hunting. He is not tall, and is more or less stout, but his is a hardy physique, with great powers of endurance. Traditions of heroism live among these people, and large numbers of them are employed in the armies of Rajput Rajas and the soldiery maintained in British India.

The section of Rajputs dwelling in the hilly regions of the Punjab and the Indian States nestling at the foot of the Himalayas, such as Jammu and

Kashmir, Sirmur Nahan, Mundi, Suket, &c., are called Dogras.

Some of the clans of Gurkhas claim to be of Rajput descent. This indisputably is the case with the dynasty dominant in the Gurkha country—Nepal, the large, mountainous State to the north of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. The Maharaja of Nepal is descended from the tribe to which belongs the Maharaja of Mewar, or Udaipur. This clan claims descent direct from the sun (*surbanshi*). It is said that in the course of a Moslem invasion the Rajputs of Mewar were so hard pressed by the Musalman invaders that they, headed by the Raja of Chitor, sallied out of the fortress, cut through the lines of the besieging army, and made their way to Nepal.

The Rajput admixture of blood appears to be limited to a comparatively small percentage of Gurkhas. The majority of them are out and out Mongoloids. They have slant eyes and high cheek bones, and are short and stout. They are somewhat fierce in appearance, and their bodies show an enormous muscular development. They are a hardy race, the cold climate and strenuous life of Nepal having bred in them exceptional powers of endurance. They can climb the steepest hills, brave the deepest snow, and rough it, even in the hottest climate. They can see objects and detect sounds which other human eyes and ears are unable to discern. Whether handling their national weapon, the *khukri* (which they use in a hand-to-hand fight and also throw at distant objects), or Western rifles, they are sure of their aim. They are very highly esteemed for these qualities by the British Army authorities.

Some Sikhs, like the Gurkhas, are stout, but few of them are so short as the little hill men from Nepal. On the contrary, the majority of the Sikhs are of or above the medium height, and

are well proportioned. Some of them are more or less pure Aryans in descent. Others are supposed to be largely of Dravidian origin. The link which unites these diversified elements is not one of race, but is Sikhism, a faith founded in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

The rise of the Sikh as a soldier was due to Moslem high-handedness during the Middle Ages. The Sikh leaders, or *Gurus*, were at first engaged in a propaganda to improve the religious and social condition of their followers, but met with persecution at the hands of Musalman officials. This led the *Gurus* to organize their Sikhs, or disciples, to resist aggression and tyranny. In the course of a few decades these men were filled with such a martial spirit and were so efficiently organized that they completely terrorized the Islamic authorities in the Punjab—their home. Gradually they dismembered portions of the Province of the Five Rivers and assumed sovereignty over it. Ranjit Singh—1784-1839—known as the "Lion of the Punjab," consolidated these possessions and greatly added to them. After his death Sikh nobles and officials quarrelled with one another and were betrayed by those whom they believed to be their friends. Luxury undermined their physique and intellect. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century they collided with the British, and soon their Empire was lost. All that remained of it were a few States ruled by Sikhs who allied themselves with the British.

Not long after the Sikhs submitted themselves to British administration the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 broke out. During this crisis the Sikhs showed their loyalty to the power to which they had bound themselves a half dozen years or so before. They readily helped the British with money and soldiers, and cheerfully underwent

privations of all kinds. Ever since then the Sikhs have been steadfast in their loyalty and have fought in practically every leading campaign in which the British have been engaged.

North and north-west of the home of the Sikhs (that is to say, the North-West Frontier Province, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, &c.) is the real habitat of the Pathans. Small numbers of them, however, are to be found all over the Peninsula. In the centuries gone by the Pathan invaders and immigrants have mixed with Indians and have produced progeny of mixed race. To a small extent such mixture is still taking place.

The Pathan is usually a tall, sturdy man, with handsome, regular features. His hair is light to dark brown in shade, his eyes are blue or gray, and his complexion is fair. His powers of endurance are great, and his spirit is untamable. He has an amazing capacity for mastering the use of the rifle.

The Pathans are of so many clans that it is not possible to speak of the tribes individually. The racial antecedents of the various sections are diversified. They choose to believe that they are of Jewish descent. This, however, is the case only in respect of a few clans. The truth is that through their home have passed all the invaders who have pounced upon India through its north-western passes. These successive marauders left some of their retinues in this region as they pressed forward, and as some of them retired. In the course of centuries the various elements have amalgamated, producing much diversity of race and character.

Despite the difference in race and religion of the Rajputs, Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, and other races and clans who are fighting for the British, they are all united in their devotion to the King-Emperor, in whose Indian armies

they are employed, or who is the Suzerain of the various Rajas whom they serve as soldiers. It is true that Indian fighters have been brought over to Europe for the first time in the annals of mankind to fight the enemies of the Empire. But that does not mean that this is the first time they have been engaged in combat for Great Britain outside India. For over a hundred years Indians have been fighting Britain's battles in various parts of the world—in Africa and Asia. Their services, however, appear to have made very little impression upon the mind of the Briton. This is no doubt due to the fact that the causes for which the Indians were employed to fight did not directly and intimately concern the British people in general; and the fighting was done in distant lands. The struggle in which they are now engaged, however, affects Britons most intimately, and it is being waged at a short distance from the heart of the Empire. It seems to me that these reasons have prompted the British to take a livelier interest in Indians than they did heretofore.

VI.

The service which Indians engaged in rendering medical aid to the wounded and sick soldiers has its own importance. Thanks to the courtesy of the authorities, I recently had the opportunity of passing the best part of a day among the wounded Indian soldiers, and saw what Indian doctors, medical students and other compatriots of mine are doing to relieve their distress and nurse them back to health and strength. I was greatly impressed with the cheerfulness of the soldiers, who appeared to be happy because they were being taken care of largely by men of their own land, able to converse with them in their own language, in many cases their own *patois*. I was also struck by the efficiency of the hospi-

tal arrangements. Medical and surgical work was producing results that were visible on the surface. The wounds were healing rapidly, and practically all the men were in good health. The clean surroundings made a good impression upon me. The food consisted of the articles most esteemed by Indians and cooked according to their peculiar requirements, and showed the desire of the authorities to do all in their power to make the men comfortable. I found the convalescent soldiers engaged in a merry spirit, in preparing meals for their disabled comrades. What appealed to me most was the freedom with which the soldiers moved about and their exceptionally cheerful outlook on life.

Of the Indians who were engaged in relieving their distress, the great characteristic common to all was their lively sense of duty. They occupied themselves with their apportioned tasks without giving a thought to their own comfort or inclinations. With a view to being useful at such a critical time as the present, they had cast to the four winds their pride of worldly position, of race, and of caste. Many of the occupations in which they were engaged must have required self-control of the highest order.

The sacrifices that these men were making for the Empire impressed me ineffably. They were not in their native land, like British students. On the contrary, they were far away from their homes, thousands of miles distant from those whom they loved and those who held them dear. Not a few of them had left wives and children behind them when they sailed away from India. The families from whom they were thus parted in some cases had made the hardest kind of a struggle to find the money to send them to and keep them in the United Kingdom for training. The exiles, almost without exception, were longing to go back

to their own people, who were counting the hours until they should return. And yet many of these men postponed their departure for home after they had finished their studies, while others had interrupted their scholastic careers and thereby extended the time of their absence from India, just for the sake of being useful to their King and their Empire.

Probably the greatest sacrifice is being made in this connection by Mr. M. K. Gandhi, who has been taking the lead in organizing the Indians in the United Kingdom into a corps to do medical relief work. Throughout the time he has been thus engaged he has been in a delicate state of health. In-

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deed, his medical adviser declares that the exertions he is making are threatening soon to end his career upon this earth. But heedless of all warnings, he is busy showing his countrymen in these isles how they can be of service to humanity.

Within the measure of space allotted for this purpose only a rough outline of India's part in the war could be attempted. But enough has been said to show how ready and whole-hearted has been Hindostan's response to the call to arms. India's action during this trying time entitles it to the British affection and consideration now and in the years to come.

Saint Nihal Singh.

RUTHLESS WARFARE AND FORBIDDEN METHODS.

Many delusions are prevalent about what is permitted and what forbidden in warfare.

We see our enemy in the present War carrying on hostilities with a ruthlessness which strikes Englishmen, accustomed to the belief that all nations had agreed to attenuate these horrors of war to the utmost limit compatible with its object, as singularly inconsistent with the professions of civilized States. We see men who are undoubtedly among the *élite* of modern thought, men who belong to mankind like Hauptmann, Haeckel, Eucken, Harnack; and many others, stepping forward as apologists of methods they cannot yet have had time to examine in the cold light of reason. Amid all this we see charges of violation of the Hague Regulations for the conduct of war on land brought by the belligerents with equal vehemence against one another, as if the belligerent commanders on both sides considered them binding—the German commanders apparently not considering their methods of

war in any sense at variance with them.

First of all, let me explain what these Regulations are. They are an appendix to Convention No. 4 in the list of the Conventions adopted at the Hague Conference of 1907. A similar convention and appendix had been adopted at the previous Conference in 1899. Except on one point in the Regulations,¹ all the Powers engaged in the present War have ratified both Convention and Regulations.

The Convention starts with a preamble explaining the standpoint of the Contracting Powers. This preamble states that they were "animated by the desire to serve . . . the interests of humanity and the ever-increasing requirements of civilization" . . . in "laying down certain limits for the purpose of, as far as possible, miti-

¹ Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Japan did not agree to Art. 44 of the Regulations, forbidding compulsion of the population of occupied territory to give information respecting the army of the other belligerent or its means of defence. See Barclay, "Law and Usage of War." London, 1914, p. 61.

gating the severity" of the laws and customs of war, and "diminishing, so far as military necessities permit, the evils of war." The Contracting Powers further acknowledge the incompleteness of the Regulations, but agree that "cases not provided for are not, for want of a written provision, to be regarded as left to the arbitrary discretion of military commanders." "Until a more complete code of the laws of war is decreed, the Contracting Powers . . . declare that in cases not included in the Regulations" the relations between invaded populations and belligerents remain subject to "the principles of international law," "the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience."

The Convention then provides that the parties to it shall issue instructions to their armed forces which shall be in accordance with the annexed Regulations, and to leave no doubt as to their binding character on the contracting parties a clause was deliberately added to the modified Convention of 1907, stating that

the belligerent party who shall violate the provisions of the said Regulations shall be bound, if the case arise, to pay an indemnity. It shall be responsible for all acts done by persons forming part of its armed forces.

This clause has obviously no direct coercive effect, but only the value of a declaration that the contracting parties intended the Regulations to be regarded as a binding minimum, and that no argument of military necessity was to be regarded as justification for disregarding this written law of war. Both the Belgian and French Governments are collecting evidence of the violations of the Regulations by the enemy, which, at any rate, will be evidence for historians.

In accordance with the provisions of the Convention, "an exposition of the laws and usages of war on land for

the guidance of His Majesty's Army" has been issued (without date, but I believe I am right in saying it was issued two years ago) by the British War Office.² The French War Office has issued a similar volume giving the decrees "portant règlement sur le service en campagne," and putting the Hague Regulations in force *telles qu'elles*.

There is a corresponding publication edited by the German Imperial Staff called *Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*, which was issued in 1902. No new edition of it seems to have been published.

I propose in the present article to deal with methods of destruction and the prosecution of the objects of warfare generally as regulated by treaty, the Hague Regulations forming, as I have shown above, part of an international Convention obligatory for the contracting parties, whether they deem it to be in their respective interests to observe them or not. In doing so I shall have to pay special attention to the German Manual, the terms of which have been amply corroborated by recent authors and still more recent actual practice.

If more recent instructions than those of 1902 exist, the action of the German military authorities during the present War seems to indicate that the spirit of them remains unchanged in spite of the assurances given by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein at the Conference of 1907, that German officers would always be guided by "conscience," "sense of duty," the "principles of humanity," and the "unwritten laws of civilization." Moreover, the character of the present War, and the warnings of General von Bernhardi in anticipation of what would necessarily be its character, warrant us in assuming that the German commanders have

² Edited by Colonel J. E. Edmonds, C.B., R.E., and Professor L. Oppenheim, LL.D., of Cambridge.

not been instructed to observe the Hague Regulations, when they may consider it in the interest of military operations not to do so. But I am anticipating.

II.

The object of war is to defeat or capture the forces of the enemy and oblige him to sue for peace.

To effect this purpose, the means the belligerents have the right to employ for the injuring of the enemy, says Article 22 of the Regulations, are not unlimited.

Several special Conventions contain prohibitions: such as No. IX. of the Conference of 1907 against the bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, etc.; the Declaration of the Conference of 1899 forbidding the use of projectiles diffusing deleterious gases; that of the same Conference forbidding the use of expanding (dum-dum) bullets; and a third forbidding the discharge of projectiles and explosives from aircraft which has not been ratified by any of the Powers engaged in the present War (except Great Britain and Belgium³ as between whom the question of their use does not arise). The other two Declarations have been ratified by them all. The Convention as to the bombardment of undefended places has been ratified with a reservation. The Convention provides that the mere fact that submarine contact mines are moored in front of an undefended port does not deprive it of its character as an undefended port. Great Britain, France, Germany, and Japan did not agree to this, and thus as between them such mines are regarded as having a defensive character which, in my opinion, they undoubtedly possess. Lastly, there is the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868, renouncing the use of explosive bullets

weighing less than 400 grammes, ratified by all the Powers engaged in the present War.⁴

The following is a list of other prohibited methods picked out of the Hague Regulations:

Employment of poison or poisoned arms.

Treachery for the purpose of killing or wounding.

Killing or wounding of men who have surrendered.

Ordering that no quarter shall be given.

Employment of weapons or projectiles of a nature to cause superfluous injury.

Making improper use of the flag of truce or of the Geneva or Red Cross badge, or of the enemy flags, military insignia, or uniform.

The bombardment by any means whatsoever of towns, villages, habitations, or villages which are undefended.

The destruction or seizure of the enemy's property, unless such destruction or seizure is imperatively required by necessity of war.

Seizure, destruction of, or intentional damage to, property belonging to local authorities or to religious, charitable, and educational institutions. The same applies to museums, historic monuments, works of art, &c.

Confiscation of private property generally.

Pillage of a town or place, even when taken by assault and generally.

Imposition of requisitions except for the necessities of the army of occupation, and of these except in proportion to the resources of the place.

Levying of general penalties, pecuniary or otherwise, on account of acts of individuals for which the community cannot be regarded as collectively responsible.

Compulsion of the population of occupied territory to give information to the enemy respecting their own army and means of defence, to take part in

³ See "Aircraft Bombs and International Law," "Nineteenth Century and After," November 1914, p. 1033.

⁴ See text of all these Conventions and Declarations, Barclay, "Law and Usage of War," London 1914.

war operations against their own country, or to take an oath of fidelity to the enemy Power.

The Regulations, it is seen, specifically forbid a large number of methods of warfare, but, as the covering Convention states, this does not mean that other methods are permitted. Far from its being so, the Convention expressly binds the Contracting Powers to amplify these in the sense of mitigating the horrors and miseries of war in accordance with the dictates of humanity.

Ruses of war, however, are specifically allowed. The Regulations lay down no rules in reference to them, and only one specific restriction, already cited among prohibited methods—namely, the improper use of the flag of truce, of the Geneva or Red Cross badge, and of the enemy insignia, flags, or uniform. Writers of international law are not agreed as to the extent to which the ruse of using enemy uniforms is permissible. The British Manual on Land Warfare says their employment is not forbidden, and adds that though the Hague Regulations forbid their improper use, they have left unsettled "what use is a proper one and what is not." I do not share the opinion of the authors of the Manual in question that the sense of the word improper is uncertain as regards uniforms. The word in French is *indu*—undue use. It is well known that men are frequently obliged in the field to take the outer clothing of enemy dead in the place of their own exhausted garments or overcoats discarded in the heat of battle. The present War is far from exceptional in this respect. Such a case, of course, is not an undue use of the enemy uniform. The German Manual considers the use of uniforms and flags generally for the purpose of deceiving the enemy as forbidden by the Hague Regulations.

* The French term is "indument."

The provision in the Regulations is: . . . il est . . . interdit . . . (b) d'user indûment du pavillon parlementaire, du pavillon national, ou des insignes militaires et de l'uniforme de l'ennemi, ainsi que des signes distinctifs de la Convention de Genève.

I cannot see how any doubt can exist as to the meaning of this provision. If the word *indûment* were omitted the prohibition would be devoid of sense.

There is, then, a contractual law of war which specifically forbids many methods of warfare, and a contractual ethics of war which prescribes the humane principles by which commanders in the field should be guided in the treatment of the invaded populations.

Both the British and the French Governments have issued official instructions to observe them; and, I believe, that, on the side of the Allies, a sincere attempt is being made by the commanders in the field to give effect not only to their tenor but to the spirit which dictated their adoption—that is, the spirit of mitigating as far as possible the cruelty of war.

III.

Recently at Berlin I had an opportunity of ascertaining the views of one whose opinions have had a determining character in German military ethics.

"Any war between the great Western Powers at the present day [he said] can now only be a life or death struggle. No considerations of humanity, of justice, of treaty obligations, will interfere with its one great object, which will be to annihilate the enemy's power of resistance. All methods are fair where war is no longer a mere duel, but a death grapple in which, just as teeth and nails are used between individuals, what is equivalent to them is used between nations."

He thought the risk of such consequences was the surest guarantee of peace.

And now let us see what the German War Manual says:

A war [it states] conducted with energy cannot be confined to attacking the combatants of the enemy and its fortifications. It must at the same time be directed to the destruction of the whole of its intellectual and material resources.

The destruction of the material resources of a country! That would imply the effective stoppage, by bombardment or otherwise, of all its factories and means of production, the burning of its crops, the destruction, where not available for utilization for further destruction, of its railways, rolling-stock, ports, harbors, and canals, the sinking of its ships and barges, the flooding of its mines, the appropriation or destruction of all means of subsistence, food and raw material, beasts of burden and traction, etc. I am not attempting to force the meaning of the German Manual. No German officer would say this is an unfair stretching of the sense of the passage I am interpreting.

What do the intellectual resources cover?

The term employed by the editors of the Manual is *geistige*, by which they probably meant to refer rather to the national morale than to the intellectual resources of the enemy to be overcome. This would include terrorizing the population, spreading alarming rumors of possible vengeance, statements, false or true, as to shooting harmless civilians, rape, child-murder, and so on; the dropping of bombs from aircraft on a crowded city on any pretext whatever, such, for instance, as the mere presence of a sentinel at the entrance to a public building; firing heavy artillery for the purpose of creating panic—in fact, the employment of every possible method of creating a sense of the hopelessness of resistance.

The Manual specifically adds that in the prosecution of this war against the material and "intellectual" resources of the enemy "humane considerations—i.e., the sparing of human life and property—can only come into play in so far as the nature and object of the war permit."

The authors of the Manual evidently mean, by the *nature and object* of the war, the difference between war on territory which the invader hopes to annex and war on territory where the repairing of the damage done will have to be borne by the defeated enemy. Thus the German commanders may have been instructed to spare Antwerp if Germany's object is to annex it, and for the purpose of terrorizing the Belgian population to destroy Louvain with reference to which she had no such object. Otherwise, according to the Manual, there is no limit based on considerations of humanity except, as it goes on to say, the invader's own interest:

Although [it says] necessity of war (*Kriegsraison*) permits every warring State to employ *all methods which promote the attainment of its object*, practice has nevertheless taught that, in its own interest, restraint in the employment of certain methods of war and renunciation of others are desirable.

Another section of the Manual explains this generalization.

Methods of war, it says, may be divided into two classes, the one methods of *force* and the other methods of *ruse*. Of both it adds: "every means by which the object of the war can be attained is permissible," although it qualifies this statement as regards ruses, and admits that "certain forms of ruse are incompatible with the honorable conduct of war," such as non-observance of a safe-conduct, the violation of a truce, abuse of the white flag or red cross, provocation to crime,

such as murder of an enemy commander, incitement to brigandage, etc.

After studying the German War Manual one can see that the Imperial staff takes a view of the conduct of war which is diametrically opposed to that underlying the Hague Regulations.

The object of the commander-in-chief of a German army—the strategist I have already quoted told me—is to make any war Germany might have to wage as short as possible. The longer a war lasted, the greater was the gratuitous loss of life through exposure and disease, and the more difficult the industrial and commercial recovery after it was over. The necessarily large loss of life in an intense but short campaign would be amply

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compensated by its effectiveness, and save the country from many of the accessory and ulterior consequences of war. "We," he said, "cannot afford a long war like England. She can keep her factories going and be prosperous in spite of it. For us war means industrial paralysis. England can pay for war out of the profits of the business it brings. With us while war lasts there is no business to bring the country profits. After all, is not a war, waged as we should be obliged to wage it, all things considered, the more humane way?"

The answer I should give now, after this more humane way has been tried, is obvious.

Thomas Barclay.

Bordeaux, November.

THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTERWARDS.

I travelled north with Pomander because I was willing enough to do so in any event, and also because some of my heavier baggage was still lying at the inn.

So it happened that I saw something of the family in the days that followed the disaster. And I almost think that these days were better to them than the days that came before the judgment. Then there had been suspense, but since the judgment their fate was certain, and the end was only a question of time.

Sturdy wanted to postpone the evil day by appealing the judgment, but Pomander (much to Sturdy's disgust) was quite firm in his refusal to have anything to do with legal proceedings the object of which was mere delay. He took his stand upon right, and refused to be moved. To some extent I think he had been touched by the

courtesy of Lord Balmoddie and by the kindly way in which he had given his judgment. Prior to the judgment, and while led to some extent by Sturdy's advice, Pomander had, I think, had some doubt whether he ought not to succeed in his defence. After the judgment he apparently had none. He was one of the very few unsuccessful litigants of whom I have ever heard who seemed entirely satisfied with his judgment, and when pressed to appeal he would say something like this. "I dinna think it's much use appealin', because I'll never get a better or a kinder judge than Lord Balmoddie. If he wouldna find me right then naeboddy will. And besides, although it's gey hard measure for an auld man like me, I'm afraid the judgment's right. I ought to have seen to it." So saying he would shake his head and refuse to be moved.

In that way Pomander manfully accepted the responsibility for his mis-

takes and tolled on at his daily work, tolling harder in his old age than ever before in the hope of repairing the breach.

But the breach was too great for repair.

The sum embezzled amounted to over six thousand pounds. There was interest carried back for several years, and there were the costs of the action. The total was over eight thousand, while his assets did not much exceed five.

Unless some arrangement could be made it was obvious that the days of the Pomanders on Pomander Farm were numbered, and I think the realization of that dread possibility gradually became clearer to them all.

The atmosphere of the house seemed to change. It was quieter, calmer, stiller, and there was less laughter than before. Even Eva became subdued. But, on the other hand, they seemed to become more united as a family than ever before. There was no such thing as upbraiding their father in his distress for his mistakes. So far from that were they all, that I think they all clung around him, and showed him a love and affection such as they had never shown in the days of their plenty. But not only in affection did they show their regard, but in a much more practical way—in work. Every one of the girls—even Eva, the most dainty in some respects—tucked up their sleeves and shortened their skirts and supported and assisted their father in connection with the farm and the house in ways they had never done before. And that was only an earnest of what they were to do. Their heads were full of schemes of work, and at times they even became a little merry in the thought of the great things they were to do. As their father had worked hard all his life for them, so they were going to see that his

old age was not to be a misery as long as he had three healthy daughters burning with ardor to go out into the world to fight their own and his battles.

I found out all these things by times as I stayed for a few days at the inn, and I confess that it sent up my admiration for the family by leaps and bounds. It was good to see their independence. Not one hint of cry-baby work because their luxuries and their comforts were perhaps to be lost, but a united front to the common enemy based upon generous impulses and family affection of the nicest kind.

Of course I smiled occasionally at some of the glowing hopes which I heard. No doubt the Pomander girls were better fitted by their training to go out into the world and fight their battles than many others; but nevertheless the world is not a soft place, and fortunes are not always to be had even with the most charming appeals. But if their hopes and ideas of these days were a little wild, still the spirit of it all was magnificent. It was an invigorating and healthy atmosphere.

The most hopeful of all were Bessie and Eva. Next to them, perhaps, their mother, who always greeted me with the kindest of greetings on any occasion when I happened to call. Jock at this time scarcely counted, and I do not think he understood the situation. So far as he did understand it, he did not appreciate the possibility of leaving the farm, and he spent most of the time, when not otherwise compelled, in some haunts of his own. After the father, Mary was by much the most subdued.

She had suffered the most in her affections, or at least in her feelings, and she said very little. Her father and she appeared to be most drawn to each other, probably because of the distress which had been given to them both through the same source. Yet the

source was never mentioned in the home. I think it was on Mary's account that, with a certain delicacy of feeling, the family seemed tacitly to agree not to mention the name of Mackalrn.

To Mary, too, I think the other two sisters were especially kind. There is a kindness in such things which I have seen among some sisters which amounts more to pity than to sympathy—pity of the kind which flows from a secret and perhaps half-unconscious satisfaction. I have seen such things in cases similar to that of the Pomanders where one sister, having been engaged, had for some reason lost her lover. The others, who had not got "off the shelf" as the saying is, while expressing great sympathy, were nevertheless just a little pleased, and behind their sister's back said "Poor thing," and "Perhaps it's all for the best," and remarks of that sort.

Nothing could be more unsisterly or mean.

I have no wish to idealize the Pomander family in any way. I think it would be true to say that, while Mary's engagement was regarded as a good match, Bessie and Eva did occasionally have slight heartburnings over the matter. They were human.

But now. Perhaps the tragic circumstances were responsible, and the whole family were too much involved to permit of anything but a feeling of common need and mutual sympathy. But, whatever the reason, it is certain that at this period no sisters were more unselfishly kind to each other than these sisters, and none were more tenderly careful of Mary than her two younger sisters, Bessie and Eva.

One scene of their sorrow lives with me in imagination to this day, and, although I was not meant to see, it cannot be to their dishonor that I should tell of it.

No outsider was meant to see such a

scene, because, although their friends might know that in private they might sometimes weep, nevertheless to the world they still held up their faces and, though troubled, were not ashamed.

It was a scene which laid bare for a moment all the pathos of their sorrow and all the keenness with which it was felt. I had often seen the stately, quiet, and apparently supremely well-controlled figure of Mary, but for a moment I realized all that might lie behind even those who seem strongest.

The incident occurred in this way.

I had come to the house door, and found it standing open, as often happens in the country. Without thought I entered, passed along the lobby, and finding the door of the dining-room ajar, entered the room. I suppose my entry was unheard, or else they had thought that it was only their mother.

Whatever the reason, they did not move until it was too late and I had seen them.

What I saw was this.

Mary Pomander was seated in an armchair with her hands lying in her lap. In one hand she held a handkerchief. Her face, when I saw it, bore traces of deep distress, and her eyes were reddened with weeping.

Seated on the arm of the chair was her sister Bessie. She had one of her arms laid fondly on Mary's shoulder, and as I entered the room she spoke words which reached my ears. "Never mind, Mary," she said in tones of tenderest sympathy. At the same moment she drew her sister towards her, and laid her head softly against her sister's cheek.

In that attitude I saw them, and, to me, it was a beautiful picture—a wonderful blending of black and gold, and a wonderful blending of human sympathy.

But it was not a picture I was meant

to see, and I hastened to withdraw. But they saw me before I went.

Bessie came out in a few moments and spoke to me. She quite understood how I had been there, and accepted my explanation. With her usual simplicity she explained the incident by saying that her sister had not been feeling so well, and when she wasn't so well, things took hold of her a bit; when all was said and done, they were only girls, and they couldn't help a cry now and then.

Just so. And it was just like her to put it so honestly.

But I am not sorry that I saw that, for, after all, it only shows how great was the control and the courage they exercised in always appearing to the world with a brave front.

Their pride was touched—they would no more pay their debts. Their pockets would be empty—they would lose the respect of the world. Their honor, they felt, was tarnished—they had become responsible for a relation who had been dishonorable. A daughter of the house was wounded in her affections. Their home would soon be their home no more.

In almost everything they held dear they were being struck. So their hearts were bleeding, but their courage remained unshaken.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEGAL FUTURE.

Prior to setting out again for the south, I had a long meeting with William Sturdy. On this occasion it was a meeting which he had requested. I think he had some idea that I had influence with the family, and might perhaps induce them to fall in with his schemes. But I, being inclined to agree with Pomander that the judgment was sound, and at the same time, having no accurate knowledge of the law of Scotland or of its intricacies, had little inclination to do any such

thing, so I am afraid he found me disappointing.

Altogether he seemed far from pleased with the turn things were taking. He did not seem to care anything very much about the judgment being adverse. I suppose he had expected that; but he seemed to be very much aggrieved if he was not to be allowed to appeal, or reclaim, as he called it.

He practically re-stated the whole case to me, again laying great stress on the immunity clauses of the deed, and pointing out that Lord Balmoddie in his judgment had said comparatively little regarding these clauses, when, as a matter of fact, they formed the most important element in the case from a legal point of view. He did not in any way desert Lord Balmoddie, or abate in the least his respect for him as a lawyer, but he apparently wanted to gain my aid for an appeal, and so he had to argue against Balmoddie's judgment to some extent. I must say he did it very gently and skilfully. But all the same, it made no impression on me, because I had a natural prejudice against litigation "for the fun o' the thing" (a phrase which he let drop at one point), and because he showed no expectation that an appeal would be successful.

When arguments on the merits proved unavailing, he took me on another tack by endeavoring to rouse my prejudices against the enemy. His own feelings towards them seemed to be of the most acid character, and nothing seemed too bitter to be said against the Miggars. In fact, I fancy the possibility of dealing a blow at them, or of postponing payment to them, had as much to do with his desire to appeal as anything else.

"Man," he said to me, "if you kened the Miggars, ye wouldna be so complaisant. I tell ye they're just jackals—every one of them. A kind o' beasts

that would eat up everything themselves and leave naethin' for any other body."

"The people in the district certainly seem to have a poor opinion of them," I remarked.

"Poor opinion!" he said. "It's no' the word for it. There's no' a body this side twenty miles 'll put in a good word for them. When they're here, they live up on the hill in that house o' theirs—a kind o' cross between an auld farmhouse and a broken-down mansion—they ca' it a castle—and they do nothin' but create bad blood from the day they arrive till the day they go away."

He paused for a moment, and then continued. "I've seen them, father and sons, for the last thirty years, and I tell you they're the most universally detested people in the county. Of course, they were never bred on the land. They came here from London wi' their money-bags, setting themselves up to be great folk; and their father maybe was a decent man. He made the money, and, while he lived, things were perhaps faceable. But the sons! Heaven preserve us! They've got a' their father's failings and none of his good points. They spend money like water—on themselves; but they haggle over every tradesman's bill in the district, and apparently look on all the folk in the place as swindlers like themselves. Then they're the genuine absentee landlords; they only live here when the shooting season's on, and a' the rest of the year they're away in London wasting in deevilry what they can't afford to spend here."

I recollect Sturdy's harangue on this matter particularly well, because he seemed in dead earnest about it. After each passage he would pause for breath, and then go at it again with renewed zeal.

"It was in London that Mackalrn

met them, and I suppose got hold of their affairs. They thought they had got an extra smart man. And so they had. Ha! ha!" Sturdy laughed grimly at that.

"Man, I tell you," he said, "it's just a providence to them that they should be deprived o' some of their remaining cash. It's a blessing in disguise to them, and here are all you people simply gaspin' to hand it back. It's no' sane; it's no' common-sense; especially when a guinea or two spent on a reclaiming note 'll stave them off for maybe a year." Here I remember he looked at me hopefully, but I gave no sign.

"After what I've told you, ye'll understand that Pomander 'll get no mercy from the Miggars. The action's not the only thing they've done. There's no' a person in the country who's said a word against Pomander but them. *They've* been going up and down cursing like troopers—calling Pomander a thief, and saying that he was in league with Mackalrn all the time. What do ye think o' that for gentlemen!"

"They don't seem to be gentlemen," I said.

He picked up his snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and then nodded his head. "No," he said decisively; "no. And yet ye have doubts about appealing?"

I think I said that it was more a matter for Mr. Pomander. He knew his own affairs best, and no doubt understood the situation much better than I.

"Aye," he answered drily. "I see ye're no' going to commit yourself to a definite line. Well, well, maybe ye're right."

I am quite certain that Sturdy thought I was wrong, but, on the other hand, I think he perhaps appreciated what he took to be caution in committing myself to any course in dealing

with a question of law which was not the law with which I was familiar.

Whatever he thought he suddenly came to a conclusion which filled me with astonishment. "Well," he said, "there are at least three reasons for appealing. (Firstly) there's a chance of the judgment being reversed. (Secondly) it's clearly intended by Providence that the Miggars shouldna get their money or any part of it in such a hurry; and (thirdly) it's expedient, because the moment the days for appealing are up, the Miggars 'll be here demanding their money, and if they don't get it (as they can't) they'll use every kind of legal procedure to compel payment, and that without the least consideration for anybody—in fact, the more painful they can make it, the better they'll like it. Now, Pomander's not ready for that."

At that point I remember he stopped and looked at me triumphantly. I waited.

"The consequence is, Mr. Kerrendel, that this case is going to be appealed whether Pomander likes it or not."

When he said that he had an expression of proud defiance on his face, as much as to say—now challenge me, if you dare.

I did not challenge him. I merely stared. I know few—I do not know if I know any—English solicitors who would calmly defy their client's wishes. I think I remarked that he was taking considerable responsibility.

"Aye. Maybe!" he said reflectively. At the same time he seemed rather proud of the fact. "When a client like Pomander comes to me," he added, "I protect his interests in spite of him. He's that troubled he doesna ken what's good for him, but I do, and I'll see him through as best I can. He'll thank me for it yet, Mr. Kerrendel."

Upon that I laughed. Sturdy chuckled to himself.

"It may be," he resumed, "that we'll abandon the appeal before it comes on. If so, it doesna matter. We'll have gained the time, and we'll be as ready for them as it's possible to be. But, Lord, if they came now what would happen? He couldna pay. They'll never settle, and they'd be upon him with a sequestration" (a Scotch bankruptcy proceeding, I believe) "like a shot. What then? All the wee tradesmen in the district, and all the honest merchants in the countryside, and the grain-dealers, and all the rest would have to take share and share alike—five shillings in the pound, maybe—with these blackguards."

Here he scoffed contempt of the Miggars. "Not if I know it!" he said. "One has got to act as a Providence on earth, Mr. Kerrendel, on some occasions, and this is one o' them. One has got to see real justice done, whether it's perfect in equity or no. It was never intended that poor bodies should suffer for the Miggars, and whether it was or not, I'm not going to see them do it, and I've arranged it all in my own mind."

He then set forth his scheme.

"Pomander 'll pay all his big debts, and he'll buy everything he requires to keep going for a while, and pay for it. Then he'll pay all his small debts, and take in a stock of all the comestibles and fungibles which he requires to keep the household in life for a while. He'll do all that gracefully and gradually in the ordinary way of business, so that there'll be no remarks about its lawfulness later on." He spoke that last part with a cheerful knowing smile.

"Then, after everything's been arranged, we'll allow another while to elapse just to make sure we're on the right side, and then—when we're quite ready—we'll maybe think about abandoning our appeal and intimating to the Miggars."

He looked at me triumphantly about that time.

"Then they'll come in an *awful* hurry," he said, almost gleefully, "and they'll be doon on us with a' kinds o' fury; . . . but for a' that they'll no' get any more than what's left, after everybody else has had their share." There was quiet satisfaction in his last sentence.

I confess I had some doubts about the legality of the proceedings, and hinted as much. But he brushed my doubts away.

"All strictly legal," he said. "All in the ordinary course of business, and I'll defy anybody to cut it doon. And what'll the result of it be?"

He answered his question himself.

"If the Pomanders have to leave the place, then they'll go with the goodwill of everybody in the district. On the other hand, if they manage to make any arrangement to stay, then they havena filed their own nest."

So saying, he rose with the air of a man who has done a good stroke of business, and went over to his safe, from which he took out some documents. He came back to his chair, sat down, and then began to talk in a different strain—more in the manner of the ordinary legal adviser.

"In connection with all this," he said, "there's a small matter here about which I wished to speak to you, as well as the other things of course."

He took from the papers a large certificate printed in red and gilt type, with gold and silver lettering and ornamentation in various places. At the top there was a magnificent design of a Spanish galleon under full sail; the sea upon which it sailed seemed to be formed of bars of shining silver. It was altogether a most inspiring spectacle, reminding one of the treasures of the Spanish Main, as no doubt it was intended to do. The gold lettering

at the top formed the words "Boulangos Soarantle Silver Mines Limited." The directors' signatures at the foot, I noticed, included one of a baron sufficiently well known in company promoting circles.

I lazily and curiously examined the beautiful certificate, and then looked up at Sturdy interrogatively.

"You will notice that that certificate is for two thousand shares in name of Pomander," he said.

I acquiesced.

"I want to sell these shares now," he said. "I should like to save the expense of going on the Stock Exchange, and I thought perhaps you would care to buy them."

If it was to do the Pomanders any good, I said, of course I would be delighted, but otherwise I was not particularly anxious to possess these very attractive shares.

"You'll get them at four and ninepence now," Sturdy remarked encouragingly. "Market price of the day. But I should mention that I should like you to hold them in an unusual way. You are a friend of the Pomanders, and not a poor man, I believe?" he remarked inquiringly.

I agreed.

"Well," he continued, "Pomander paid two thousand for these. I'd like to see him get the chance of getting it back, and so"—here Sturdy smiled genially—"if the Company goes to ruin, as very likely it will,"—here he smiled even more genially,—"you will lose your money; but if by any accident it should ever revive, I suggest that as a man of honor you might hold the shares to pay Pomander the difference between your price and the price he paid for them."

"Is there any chance of their rising?" I inquired.

Sturdy shrugged his shoulders. "I could sell on the exchange at that price," he answered. "People don't

pay anything for nothing as a rule."

It was not a very encouraging answer. However, I was glad to have a chance of doing anything, even if it was a mistake. So I answered that I would take the shares, and I would hold in trust. If ever they rose, Pomander could have anything over the price I had paid.

Upon that, Sturdy produced a transfer, which he had apparently had

ready for my signature, and I signed it.

After signing I remarked to Sturdy that the beautiful and glorious certificate of the Boulanger Company was in itself, viewed purely as a work of art, sufficient exchange for five hundred pounds.

But in answer Sturdy only took a pinch of snuff, drily said "Imphm" and then "Aye."

(To be continued.)

A REAL DOTHEBOYS HALL.

Some few years ago, a well-known resident of Kirkby Stephen happened to pay a call on a friend who was at that moment suffering from the periodic fever which attacks us all—that of burning old letters. The holocaust had been almost completed when the visitor arrived, and out of the boxful of correspondence which had lain for many years in a disused cottage near Kirkby Stephen there remained but a score of letters yet to burn. These, too, were being consigned to the flames, when the visitor happened to notice to whom they were addressed, and immediately interceded for them, with the result that they were given to her. Now, the addressee of most of the letters was Mr. Aislable: a man who is now almost forgotten in Kirkby Stephen, but who, in his day, must have been of considerable importance, for he was one of that body of men so much derided a hundred years ago—with what reason we shall see presently—the Yorkshire schoolmasters.

Everyone who has read "Nicholas Nickleby" knows something of the Yorkshire schools which flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century. "Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire"; Mr. Squeers, the

brutal, hypocritical, and ignorant schoolmaster; Mrs. Squeers, with her diabolical delight in suffering, and her brimstone spoon; and Smike, the terrible product of the whole system—are assured of an everlasting memory; for the publication of their story swept practically all such schools off the face of England. If the reader would like to confirm this statement, let him compare the advertising columns of *The Times* before and after 1838—the year "Nicholas Nickleby" was published.

Dickens, in his original preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," says that Mr. Squeers was a representative of a class and not of an individual; but it is abundantly clear that many of the incidents of the story are taken from the actual facts concerning William Shaw's school at Bowes. This man was mulcted in £300 damages in each of two actions brought against him, together, by parents of boys who lost their sight through gross neglect. The action was tried in 1823, and the facts there set forth (*The Times*, October 31 and November 1) are quite as terrible as any in Dickens's story: yet it was not until the latter was published that the school was closed. It is a curious commentary on the driving force of fact as compared with fiction.

Mr. Aislabie's school was of an earlier period than that of which Dickens wrote; for he began business about 1806 as a partner with his brother-in-law, Richard Robinson, at Church Brough, Westmorland, his previous occupation having been that of a traveller for a Chesterfield cotton firm. After taking up the scholastic profession, he managed to combine very happily his two interests; for he made regular journeys over the north of England, selling cloth and canvassing for pupils. To assist him in the latter, an advertisement somewhat similar to the following was usually inserted in the local paper of each town he visited:

"BOARD AND EDUCATION.

"Mr. Robinson, Master of the Grammar
"School, Bowes, North Riding of
"Yorkshire,

"Being permitted by the Trustees of the same, to take a limited number of Boarders, avails himself of this opportunity of submitting his terms to the Public, . . . Board, Washing and Mending, (including the repairs of Shoes) young Gentlemen under 13 years of age, £16 per annum; those above 13 and under 18 years of age, £18 per annum.

"No additional charge will be made for any part of their Education in the Latin, Greek and French Language, English grammatically, History, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Writing, Arithmetic, Merchants Accompts, Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, Algebra, etc.

"The plan of Education, commercial and literary, is adapted to the respective destinations and capacities of the Pupils, and the utmost attention is paid to their morals, health and personal comfort. When requested by Parents or Friends, they will have the opportunity of attending the gospel, at a Chapel of the Protestant Dissenters.

"They eat at the same table with Mr. R. and partake of the same victuals, and as to quantity are under

no restraint. No more than two sleep in a bed, and there are only two beds in a room. . . . A week at Midsummer and a week at Christmas, are the only recesses: and even then two hours each day are appropriated to study. It is only by particular request they visit home: long vacations can only be advantageous to the Master, to the Pupil they answer no better purpose than to rob him, at a period when his time is most valuable, of three months out of twelve;—to relax, unhinge, and erase from his mind so many of his attainments as will cost him an application of nearly other three months to re-instate.

"Thus it is evident that Mr. R.'s plan is productive of a great saving of the Pupil's time and the Parent's property; . . . To those who may consider the liberality of my terms as forming a barrier to my doing justice, I will briefly answer, that whilst my situation enables me to provide the best of provisions at 40 per cent. below what is usual in more southern counties, I am still more than an equal gainer, with those masters whose terms are much higher. . . ."

On the whole, it is a very creditable prospectus. The fees are reasonable, the course of study comprehensive—extending even to Navigation—and the defence of "no vacations" (the watchword of the true Yorkshire schoolmaster) extremely novel. His explanation of how he managed to give such good educational value is somewhat confusing, and, perhaps, intentionally so. It will be noted that not more than two boys slept in a bed. Mr. Robinson must have been regarded by his competitors as a bit of a health crank; for at Mr. Shaw's school four or five in a bed was not exceptional.

In 1807 Mr. Aislabie became sole partner in the school, and, removing to Kirkby Stephen, conducted it in a disused cotton-mill there. The woodcut at the top of his still extant prospectus shows Eden Hall—as he called it—as a long, dismal, three-storied

building set against a background of black, thunderous cloud. In the foreground, two of Mr. Aislabie's young gentlemen are flying a kite; two others, who wear broad-brimmed hats and appear to be about fifty years old each, are trundling hoops; whilst several others are preserving the balance of the picture by filling up vacant spaces.

But the outstanding feature of Mr. Aislabie's school is that it is probably the only one of which there is any full description by an old pupil—and it is rather surprising that, considering the thousands of boys these Yorkshire schools turned out, this should be so—and that is contained in the "Life of Sir Joshua Walmsley," published some years ago.

It was to Eden Hall that Joshua Walmsley went in the year 1807, at the age of thirteen; taking with him, no doubt, the Bible, Church Prayer-book, two pounds of soap, four night-caps, and four pocket-handkerchiefs (Mr. Squeers, twelve miles away, required of his boys only two of each), for which, amongst other things, Mr. Aislabie stipulated in his prospectus.

Before giving Sir Joshua's description, it is perhaps as well to understand the temper of the man. He never complained of his treatment there, either as pupil or usher; for, hard as his life was, he was, nevertheless, picking up some education. He put up with it as long as he could; then left and came to Liverpool as an usher. Here he worked for some years, and finally decided to give up teaching. Upon informing his employer of his intention, he was immediately offered a share in the school, worth £400; but he declined absolutely, and went into a corn office as a clerk, at a salary of just one-tenth of that amount, and married on it.

At the conclusion of his apprenticeship there he was again offered a part-

nership; but he refused this too, and struck out for himself. He was an old boy, of whom Mr. Aislabie might well have been proud.

Here is the daily routine at Eden Hall:

"Breakfast at Eden Hall consisted of a slice of black rye bread, a large proportion of bran entering into the composition. As a rule it was sour. In addition, a large boiler was placed on the fable half filled with water, and into this two gallons of milk had been poured, and some handfuls of oatmeal added. Its contents were shared by the 130 hungry lads. Sometimes oatmeal porridge replaced the contents of the boiler, and a teaspoonful of treacle was allowed as a great treat. Three times a week we had a limited amount of meat for dinner; on other days, potatoes, black bread, and cheese. This cheese had grown so hard with age we nicknamed it 'wheelbarrow trundles'; the third meal consisted of another slice of bread and of the 'trundle' cheese. For a certain number of hours daily we were turned into agricultural laborers, working on a large farm belonging to our master. We were a healthy set, our constitutions hardened by out-door life and labor. Some boys complained, some ran away, but none were ill, and only one death occurred during the six years I stayed there."

It is interesting to note how closely the diet at Eden Hall approximated to that at Dotheboys. There, breakfast consisted of a minute wedge of brown bread, and a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. To treacle—the "great treat" of Eden Hall—Mrs. Squeers added, with her own hands, the highly prized brimstone, and saw that each pupil had more than he wanted. Dinner was stirabout, potatoes, and hard salt-beef; and for supper there was bread and cheese.

Really, I think Mr. Squeers was exaggerating when he said in his prospectus of Dotheboys Hall, "Diet

unparalleled." Mr. Aislable's menu was quite as liberal, and his boilerful of milk and water was without its counterpart at Dotheboys. But it is plain that Mr. Squeers was quite alive to the value of this as an article of food; for it will be remembered that at breakfast at the Saracen's Head, he ordered twopennyworth of milk in a large jug, which he filled up with lukewarm water, for the five little boys he was taking home with him.

To return, however, to Eden Hall. Once we have passed the questions of diet and agricultural training, the divergence between Mr. Aislable's and Mr. Squeers's schemes of education becomes apparent. Sir Joshua Walmsley tells us of an attack on the orchard of a neighboring farmer, who caught some of the boys up his trees and, unable to get them down, agreed to say nothing about the matter if they would promise not to raid him again. They did so; but the following morning he reported the matter to the school and pointed out the culprits—who were punished. That night the best tree in his orchard was cut down by the boys, and the masters winked at the matter. No one could imagine Mr. Squeers's young gentlemen doing that or Mr. Squeers winking at it. One of his references in London described him as plous.

Besides this, there were town and school wrestling matches; for it must be remembered that Eden Hall was in Westmorland. When a boy had proved his prowess in school, he went into the town and, ringing the market-bell, awaited a rival champion. The contest was for the better of three falls, and was conducted in a perfectly friendly manner—the beaten lad going back to town or school to practise again.

The above incidents seem to prove that one Yorkshire school, at any rate, was not such a terribly bad sort of

place, and I doubt if many boys of the present generation would not feel a little envious of one experience of young Walmsley.

Eden Hall was but a short distance from the moors which stretch wild and desolate towards Bowes, and Mr. Aislable shot over them. (Here for one moment we come into touch again with Mr. Squeers. Dotheboys, we know, was close to Greta Bridge, which is but a short distance from Bowes, and it will be remembered that his academic dress was an old fustian shooting-jacket. Perhaps he, too, shot over these moors, and the two schoolmasters may have met.) On one occasion Mr. Aislable took young Walmsley, now a junior usher, with him to carry the spare gun, and, sport being poor, he sent him to flush grouse. The boy set off, taking the gun with him, and, having started the birds, he had a shot or two at them himself and brought down three brace. Mr. Aislable was evidently a keen business man, and this success of young Walmsley's set him thinking. Grouse and fish fetched good prices in the market, so why not turn a dead shot at Eden Hall to account? He quickly made up his mind—young Walmsley was to go on the moors.

With gun, ammunition, a bag to hold the game, and luncheon of black bread and "trundle" cheese, the boy set out, and soon the funds of Eden Hall so profited by his gun that he was sent out for a fortnight at a time, taking with him a donkey and cart and a companion, Francis—a tall athletic lad of respectable parentage, who had been neglected by his father and had now become the Smlke of Eden Hall. He carried the guns and fishing-gear (for they dragged the tarns by night), and, when a cargo was ready, took it back to Kirkby Stephen, returning with more ammunition and provisions.

"It was usually by the side of a stream or by one of the tarns" [says

Sir Joshua] "that we encamped. The donkey unharnessed found his own provisions during the day-time, while at night he would be tethered near. If the weather was fine we slept in the open, if wet or windy we turned the donkey-cart and slept under its friendly shelter. By sunrise we were afoot again, and, after a bath in the stream, and a breakfast of black bread and cheese hard as flint, on to our hunter's life again. Each meal consisted of the same unvarying fare washed down with water. Scrupulously, as if the master's eye had counted every bird and fish, we sent home all the game we killed."

What boy is there that would not put up with a good deal of sour bread and cheese for the chance of such a glorious existence? Indeed, does not this hard fare rather heighten the enjoyment of such a life? Here, on Stainmore Common, we see those two boys enduring Horace's "*angustam amice pauperiem*" just as though they were "way back" in a Canadian forest. That snug overturned donkey-cart, with the rain pattering upon it, is surely the realization of many a boy's wildest wish—and to all this is added the free use of gunpowder.

But the most amazing thing about the whole episode was the after-career of Francis. Walmsley, it was evident from the first, was destined for higher things—he became, in fact, a knight and member of Parliament; but who is there that would think of looking on the magisterial bench for the once despised Smike of real life? Yet, when Sir Joshua Walmsley met him in later years, he had become a prosperous magistrate, and probably entertained strong views on the strict preservation of game. "And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Thus far Sir Joshua Walmsley, looking back upon his schooldays through those rose-tinted spectacles which all "old boys" wear; but that there were other people who at the time regarded

the school not quite so favorably, the letters so fortunately snatched from the fire will amply prove.

In the month of January 1806, Mr. T. M. Perkins, of Sheffield, in glancing over his local paper happened to cast his eye upon the very advertisement of Mr. Robinson, which has already been quoted. Apparently he liked that educationist's style, and, as he was looking for a school for his son, aged eleven, he wrote to Mr. Robinson for further particulars, and especially desired to know "whether any dancing or drawing master attend the school." To expect these branches of education from a Yorkshire schoolmaster is decidedly rich; but Mr. Robinson's reply must have satisfied Mr. Perkins on these points, for, in due course, the boy arrived at Church Brough. During the year, however, young Perkins, though he ate "at the same table with Mr. R.," and partook "of the same victuals" (*vide* advertisement), evidently became ill—the cause and nature of his illness will appear later—for in January 1807, his father wrote, asking that the boy be sent home, adding that "Should my Son recover and I approve of his account & he wish to return, it is my intention to send him and his Brother to your School in course of few weeks time."

Anyone with half an eye could have seen from such a letter that young Perkins was not going back, and, in fact, he did not. More than that, Perkins senior refused to pay his fees on account of their being excessive and of the condition in which his son was when he returned home. In addition, he had the audacity to tell the other parents of boys at Robinson's school of the state of affairs. Thereupon Mr. Aislabie (for, from now on, Robinson drops out of the correspondence) apparently wrote to a Mr. Hall, a hatmaker in Sheffield, to contradict the rumors. Mr. Hall's letter in reply

has its humorous side—his spelling and punctuation are fearsome in places; but besides this, it is of importance as showing how much the *laissez-aller* attitude of the parents had to do with the continued existence of the Yorkshire schools.

Sheffield Feby. 9th, 1807.

"Sir, — This Morning, I waited on Mr. Rodgers Jackson Hancock & Richardson, . . . and by reasoning matters over, i have the pleasure, to inform you, that i brought them over, to my way of thinking, has you have pledght, yourself, ether to become a partner, or to find a proper person to fill that situation, with rectitud, to improve the Childrens Morrals, by a carefull attention to them to study their Tempers and cultivate, them, so far as their abillities will admit of, and to be capable to instruct them in the different Branches of their Education. . . . I have still one Matter to get over, and wether I shall succeed or not i am not able to determine at the present, as i have been Botthering, with rather an uncultivated, Annamal this Morning, for narly two Hours, but not with that success, as would a workt but i know, the cause, and i must lay strong seighe to the weak place, it is owing to Perkins prepossessing, that amendment cant take place if Mr. R. stops, I told Mr. Richardson that his son would not fare worse than the other Boys, and we had the same feeling for ours as he had for his at the last I got Mrs. R. on my side, and i am to go down to Night at Eight oclock, and I am hopefull i shall succeed, that charge of conveyance of the Boy their; sticks on his stomach, but i think some good gin & Water will wash it away, if your School last year had been properly attended to it would a been almost the first School in the North, i am nearly confident, you would have had nearly Twenty Boys from this Nalbourhood, . . . complants ought to be checkt in children, not encouraght the cant expect the same indulgence at a school as at home, nether would it be proper for them.

"Saml Hall."

One cannot help classing Mr. Hall with Mr. Snawley, who, a moment after he had first met Squeers, was acting as his referee. "I feel bound to assure you, sir, and I am proud to have this opportunity of assuring you, that I consider Mr. Squeers a gentleman highly virtuous, exemplary, well conducted." This seems to be exactly the attitude Mr. Hall adopted towards the parents in Sheffield.

Following this letter, he went over to Church Brough, and seems to have been perfectly satisfied with the school, for he writes on May 6, 1807:

"Sir,—should a wrote you sooner but did not know wether you was at Church Brough or on your jorney, but my son James got a letter from Saml this Morning who says you are with them. . . . i think it does him a deal of Crdt, perhaps you may have given him a part of the diction. . . . everything here runs much in your favour with the parents of the Boys you and Mr. Robinson has under your care that you are quite on velvet. . . . Keep in the Tract you now are in and youl get Credit in spite of all your enemies, if Saml should want any Cloths, youl let him have what is usefull, but nothing extravagant, and I hope he would not expect it. . . .

"P.S.—. . . Hancock . . . is in obscurity at present and as this is the second time it perhaps may go hard with him, but I beg youd treat his boy the same as the others and by no means neglect him."

That postscript just shows how well Hall knew the Yorkshire schoolmaster's nature, and that Smikes were quite a recognized feature of the schools.

It will be noted that Samuel Hall, junior, had written home, and that his father suspected Mr. Aislaile of giving him a "part of the diction." This is more than probable. Mr. Squeers's idea of a letter home was "a circular at Christmas to say they never were so happy, and hope they may

never be sent for." Some people will call this one of Dickens's humorous exaggerations. Wait a moment. Here is one of the quarterly letters, written in the year 1817, by the great Richard Cobden, who was for five miserable years at a Yorkshire school:

"Honored Parents,—You cannot tell what rapture I feel at my once more having the pleasure of addressing my Parents, and though the distance is so great, yet I have an opportunity of conveying it to you free of expense. It is now turned three years since our separation took place, and I assure you I look back with more pleasure to that period than to any other part of my life which was spent to no effectual purpose, and I beg to return you my most sincere thanks as being the means of my gaining such a sense of learning as will enable me to gain a genteel livelihood whenever I am called into the world to do for myself."

But, despite Mr. Hall's complete satisfaction with affairs, Mr. Perkins would not pay his son's fees, though he was prepared to arbitrate the matter. Mr. Aislable agreed to this, and wrote:

"We will choose a Gentleman who came over to Ch: Brough for the purpose of taking away several Boys in consequence of the slanderous reports you had propegated and who had an opportunity of fully proving the falshood of all you had said."

The gentleman referred to was, of course, the obliging Mr. Hall. Later, however, Mr. Aislable appointed Mr. Rodgers his arbitrator; and Aislable having, apparently, stated that Robinson was from home, Mr. Perkins replied:

"... It is certainly a very unusual time for a schoolmaster to be from his school, it has the appearance of negligence on his part or conscious of his inability in Epistolary correspondence leaves that task for you which I be-

¹ Morley's "Life of Cobden."

² This letter is quoted by Mr. Perkins in his reply to it, and the mistakes in spelling are emphasized by underlining.

lieve you find no very pleasant one. . . . I have enquired and have been inform'd who the Gentleman was that went to Brough for the purpose of removing several Boys and have likewise learnt the possitive cause why he did not remove them, it was not because he found them anyways better Educated or provided with food, but you as well as Mr. Robinson know the cause; 'twas a very cogent one I believe, and the poor children well remember how they were then fed; . . . I observe you say: 'you will now have the goodness to point out such parts of the account as you think unjust in order that if possible documents may be sent to prove the justice thereof'—I believe you have well said *if possible* but I see no probability for either one or other of you doing it. . . .

"I would ask you whether you can for a moment conceive I should be edified by reading the trumpery of such insignificant dunces as you are, you commit yourself on every occasion, the more I hear of you and the more letters you write the more unfit you appear for the situation you have crept into, either learn your grammar and dictionary better or never trouble me or any person more with letters after this business is ended, Presumption, Ignorance and Impudence it seems you are most conversant with, and unless you conduct yourself with more decent and becoming language I shall expose your elegant and well spelt Epistles in my Possession. . . ."

We may feel sure that Mr. Aislable must have considered some of the expressions in this letter slightly abusive; but he, apparently, kept his temper and changed his arbitrator for the second time; for in October 1807, Mr. Perkins wrote agreeing to the new arbitrator. In this letter occurs the following paragraph:

"Mr. Robinson will recollect I inform'd him 'ere he took my Son that my Sons Constitution was weakly and must have no bad food, he then gave me a statement in writing on the back of his Card of the mode of feeding the

Children & further referr'd me to his very Specious advertisement, has he adher'd to it? no not in any one instance the consequence was, my Son got a bowel complaint by being obliged frequently to eat pottatoes alone for his dinner and at other times weakly unnutritious & faulty food. . . ."

Mr. Robinson, when romancing about the diet of his boys, followed very closely, it would appear, Mr. Squeers's dictum: "Every wholesome luxury that Yorkshire can afford; every beautiful moral that Mrs. Squeers can instil."

After this letter we hear no more of Mr. Perkins for three years, when he fires this parting shot and the correspondence ceases:

"I am astonish'd when I think of both your persevering presumption in imposing yourselves upon ye World in ye Situations of schoolmasters. Were all Teachers of youth like either of you, God knows what would become of the rising generation. . . . You say Robinson has turned farmer. I think you had better do the same, you both made a grand mistake when you became schoolmasters & for the children a lamentable one, but unless he goes less to ye public House than usual this will terminate much in ye same if not worse than the boarding-school concern. . . ."

The reference to Robinson is distinctly libellous, and we can almost hear that

gentleman saying with Mr. Squeers, "Very good. I should say that was worth full twenty pounds at the next Assizes"; and then the voice of prudence replying through the mouth of John Browdie, "'Soizes! thou'd better not talk to me of 'Soizes! Yorkshire schools have been shown up at 'Soizes afore noo, mun, and it's a ticklish soobjack to revive."

At this point we lose sight of that shrewd, blunt, yet evidently kindly, Yorkshire lawyer—for a lawyer he certainly was. This fact should be borne in mind when assaying the value of the letters—that Perkins would perfectly well know he was libelling Robinson when writing to Aislable these examples of "epistolary correspondence," as he called them. This fact argues their being, in his opinion, "fair comment on a matter of public interest," and their truth "in substance and in fact."

The rest of the letters consist, for the most part, of family correspondence, which makes it clear that Mr. Aislable was continuously in money difficulties. Indeed, for Christmas 1815, he had the bailiffs in for the rent. Almost the last letter of the series is dated from Liverpool, June 9, 1816, and shows that, even under the strictly Aislablean régime, complaints were still being made of the school:

"Sir,—I did expect that you would contradicted the unpleasent report, that prevailed in Liv respecting the treatment of your pupils but to my great Mr Wearing call'd at my House to demand payment for of my two little Boys and has inform'd Mrs. Pince that all asserted was untrue. (In Consequence of the ill trea my two Sons have experienced from Mr. Heslop who has the to leave marks of his ruler on their Heads) I herewith notice that it is my intention to remove my two Sons School & you will please to have the goodness to send Books trunk Case &c. by the Coach, I should recommend Heslop to be carefull how he strikes Chlldren on & Eyes, least he should be called to a strict account for his severe treatment.

"I remain Sir,
"Your most Obdt Servt
"Robert Pince."

[Edge of letter torn.]

Reference has already been made to Mr. Aislable's prospectus. It is a very lengthy and impressive document, and contains a "plan of the seminary." We know from Sir Joshua Walmsley what sort of an education was really given. Here is what was offered for the eighth class:

From 7 to 8 Greek Grammar, compose Latin Themes and Verses, and commit a portion of some Classic Author to memory twice a week; Greek Exercises from Huntingford.

From 9 to 10 Livy and Cicero alternately.

From 10 to 11 Homer & Dalzel's *Analecta*, or Burton's *Pentalogia*.

From 11 to 12 Philosophical pursuits.

From 2 to 3 Horace, &c.

From 3 to 4 Xenophon, or Dalzel's *Analecta*.

From 4 to 5 Modern Languages, some Classical Author, or such pursuit as shall be especially calculated for the advantage of each individual separately.

From 7 to 8 Some pursuit peculiarly suited to intended destination in life.

The more one reads of the Yorkshire schools the more one is amazed at the wonderful manner in which Dickens "potted" them. Mr. Squeers's appearance was that of Mr. Shaw; his advertisement, which Mr. G. W. E. Russell appears to think was merely an extravagance of Dickens's mind, can be equalled—nay, surpassed in comprehensiveness—by many in *The Times* of that date. His headquarters, the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, were those of Edward Simpson, at whose school,

The Cornhill Magazine.

Woden Croft Lodge, near Barnard's Castle, the boys went barefooted. Many of the incidents in "Nicholas Nickleby" were, as has previously been remarked, quoted literally from the action against Shaw; and throughout this article frequent comparisons have been drawn between Mr. Aislable's establishment and Mr. Squeers's. And here we meet the eighth class at Eden Hall at its philosophical pursuits. No one can forget Mr. Squeers's combined class in spelling and philosophy, when one boy was sent to clean windows, another to weed the garden, another to rub down the horse, and the rest to draw water. Is it not evident from Sir Joshua Walmsley that these healthful pursuits also formed part of the philosophical course at Eden Hall?

But to give Mr. Aislable his due, it must be admitted that he was far and away ahead of present-day schoolmasters in one respect: he did teach one, at least, of his boys to write. Amongst the papers that remain is a bill-book for the year 1813, the title-page of which is inscribed in beautiful copper-plate by the very boy who wrote his account of the school—Joshua Walmsley.

It may be added that Eden Hall still stands, a little retired from the main street of Kirkby Stephen. It will be found practically unaltered since Mr. Aislable's time. Only do not seek for it under the name of Eden Hall—ask for the East Ward Union Workhouse.

Frank Mulgrew.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

The death of R. H. Benson has an interest wider than the merely confessional; far wider than the literary or artistic. I gather this partly from the recurrent shock I experience when

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I recollect that his career is finished, and that the man who so enjoyed describing the psychic processes of dying men is himself now dead. To find it so difficult to believe that a man is

not alive proves that we had possessed a continuous subconsciousness that he was *there*; and it is rare that a man's personality is so marked that he becomes a necessary element, to be reckoned with even when latent, in the composition of a period. I am the more impressed by this because I rarely met him, corresponded with him but intermittently, and liked his books only with many grave reserves. What I have to say about them will seem to many worshippers outrageous: yet I hope to redeem my blasphemies.

When the still Anglican, and now most rightly popular *Light Invisible* appeared, I read it for the sake of the author's father, whom I had known, and of *Dodo*, which had delighted me. Else, the title would have checked me. Not its paradox: that was patristic—Greek, even—and permissible. But the inverted adjective! *The Siege Perilous*, *The House Beautiful*! *Connu*, that adjective, loved of folk too cultured to say things ordinarily, and for lack of knowledge compelled to say them oddly. A Kensingtonian culture, moreover; a Victorian, laureate gentlemanliness observable in its combed and cleaned King Arthurs; a pursèd-lipped perfection seen in a Rossetti or Burne-Jones. How brisk an air breathes in Sir A. Quiller-Couch's *Delectable Duchy*. How different, had it been *The Duchy Delectable*! The preciousness hinted by the title pervades it. It is full of romantic halls, gorgeous sunset gardens, beautiful old priests ascetic among ideal furniture, choice silver, glass, and linen. Here, then, the common was almost certainly held to be unclean.

Much of this R. H. Benson outgrew, but he always liked the opulent. In the historical novels, the scene alternates between knightly manor-houses and the Court; *The Sentimentalists* and *The Conventionalists* bring us right in among the Country Seats; *The Win-*

nowing, too, affects the County; the hero of *None Other Gods* was an Earl's son; the *Average Man* himself was heir to great estates: thence too came the *Coward*; for *Initiation* a baronet was selected. In fact, only the two world's-end novels (of which I will not speak, so fully do I dislike them) lack this main *motif*. Not that Benson cannot laugh at class foibles, and, after all, Meredith was the historian of the "minor aristocracy." Also it keeps giving him opportunities for delightful word-pictures of houses, parks, and parties. And at no time is it merely snobbish, as (*sit venia*) Mrs. Humphrey Ward's partiality for duchesses grew to be. "The two duchesses stepped across the platform. The bowing stationmaster. . . ." Ah! Yet even of R. H. Benson one said to me, petulantly: "If only he'd write of somebody who kept fewer than two footmen."

Then in *The Light Invisible* I thought I perceived a blighting brand of Anglicanism. I do not mean that Anglicanism, still less Institutionalism as such, is blighting. But certain qualities of it are. A parallel instance is the "sober," academic Anglicanism of the dignitary, ruthlessly caricatured, in unflial wise, by Mr. E. F. Benson in *Sheaves*, I think. Many great Church personages have been schoolmasters, and it is as dreadful to be ruled, ecclesiastically, by ex-schoolmasters as it is, politically, by lawyers. To the end, the Archbishop lived a successful schoolmaster-churchman but out of touch with the real life of the country. Similarly, Mr. A. C. Benson, sitting in his college window, is singularly out of touch with modern realities, however accurately he may, from his perch, observe them (though none of the Bensons are always accurate). R. H. Benson's brand of Anglicanism was other, yet no less blighting than that of the cathedral close. It was

that of the extreme ritualist, who far from necessarily Romanizes, whose artistic sense would indeed be shocked by most things Roman, or should we not say Belgian, or Sulpician, since from Saint Sulpice comes the art under which most Roman Catholics so inexplicably permit themselves to languish? But in the chapels of those wealthy Anglican ladies or religious communities the dull greens and smoky blues (smoke-blue especially) rebuke the screaming greens and purples of *outré-Manche*: no strips of woven ribbon edge the chasubles; no cheap lace makes flounces for the altar; no tawdriness, no garishness; old oak; silver; thick materials densely embroidered by patient hands; fit shrines of conscious culture, highly symbolical, for austere clergymen, for delicate nuns, for graceful dames in clinging black, coifed with priceless lace, with one fine string of pearls. These people pass over, with the greatest of ease, into Spiritualism, or better still, Theosophy, and that is downright death. When Benson, still (I think) at Mirfield, prefixed to his book's last chapter the Old Prayer, "Jhesu! Jhesu! Esto michi, Jhesu," he was taking a pleasure in the archaic spelling (which added nothing to the meaning of the words) frankly analogous to that derived from the philosophic or Oriental phrases of which the New Thought exquisites construct their jargon. Far, far more in touch with life is the suburban Romanist, with his horrible statues, his stucco, and his egregious hymns. Of this most subtle form of conceit, and therefore of illusion, you might have thought, to the end, the appointments of Benson's house at Buntingford an example. Yet you would have, I fancy, been quite wrong.

Suddenly came the shock of his conversion. Had he, then, been forced up

against realities? Would his work lose henceforward its flavor of illusion? Surely, in the three historical novels, upon Elizabeth, Henry, and Mary Tudor, a new element was discernible. I read them consecutively, and, wholly fascinated by the vitality of the first, continued, though lesseningly, to be enchanted by much in the other two. With many, I came to feel he was writing much too fast. With others, I realized he could not, or cared less and less to, construct a story. *The Queen's Tragedy* had come to consist, practically, of detached impressionist sketches. Still, these were delicious sketches: there was, too, considerable knowledge of fact, vivid characterization, and a sense of *contemporariness* (so to put it) which made for reality. Also it was good to see the Reformation myth so battered; how SS. Henry and Elizabeth came toppling from their pedestals; how, just as the Continental upheaval was differently engineered from the English, so history is being differently rehabilitated by a Gardiner or a Benson, on the English side, and by Denifle, Grisar, Pastor and Janssens, and a hundred Lutheran scholars on the German. Certainly a real debt is owed to the Monsignor for the truer knowledge we possess of English history.

Still, in these books a *return* to a tendency of the *Light Invisible* grew marked—the tendency to dwell upon eccentric physical or psychical experiences. In the earlier volume this had been done skilfully, on the whole, and often quite uncannily (the devil's face in the tree was a ghastly notion: the vision of Christ, *tilted*, as it were, owing to human life being as a matter of fact askew and operating obliquely to His—a *motif* found in a famous Futurist painting, *Revolt*—was very pathetic and effective); this touch was repeated in *The Mirror of Shallott*, and achieved downright horribleness in

The Necromancers.¹ But the description of Queen Mary's dying hallucinations, "from within," was rather shocking. The author had to sit down and *imagine* them, just as he had frankly to invent her Confession, given *in extenso*. Now an artist, even, or an actor, is not bound to *state* everything. True, expression is his life; but he expresses sufficiently what he conveys; and much may be conveyed in all due reticence. Look at the Gospels . . . ! Anyone awestruck by the magnitude of those divine (or human) forces to which he vibrantly responds is content to convey such spiritual mysteries telepathically, if at all. Else, he suggests that he despises his audience, if he must needs be brutally explicit; also he belittles these experiences, as not transcending human speech and not too holy to be unveiled; he even appears to vaunt himself as one capable of uttering what had baffled, so far, utterance. Benson often seemed to cry aloud: Observe me getting inside the minds of mystical ecstasies, of vicarious sufferers, of worldly ladies, awkward schoolgirls, callow youths, footmen, vicars, lady's maids, lovers, doctors, cats, Protestants, fanatics, mediums, and little boys. Observe how intimately I know their mental processes and how unerringly I state them, and how not the most abnormal nor (far more significant) the indistinguishably commonplace eludes me!²

¹ A very remarkable book; yet I cannot agree that the climax of gruesomeness is reached in its episode of the Cats. I fancy the introduction of Portents worries us; as of the thrush, killed in the last chapter of the "Light Invisible"; these cats; the shuddering horse and other oddities near the end of "A Winnowing"; the little "clicks" which accompanied spiritual oblations in the hero of "None Other Gods," though these clash less with that orthodox philosophy which presumably was Benson's. Accordingly, the heavenly apparitions, e.g. Edmund Campion's in "Come Rack, Come Rope," or those of "The Necromancers," diabolic almost *ex hypothesi*, do not jar at all.

² It was with distaste that we read he was downright pleased with himself over his account of the sensations of a martyr on the rack. He believed he had "got it"; it was "just so." He even felt slight pains in wrists and ankles after writing it. I may be spiritually prudish; but I do think one ought not to feel complacent over success in describing these intimacies.

Yet into what admirable portraits this issued! Leaving apart the Kings and Queens, who live now for us as never before, what a personality is old Lady Carberry in *The Winnowing*; the curate and his horrible wife in *The Average Man*! But do you notice how especially convincing are Benson's portraits when he dislikes or is mocking at their originals? In some of these books there is one long undercurrent of mockery—sometimes very bitter, as in the case of that curate's Vicar, or of Marchioness Daly in *Initiation*. In some—take *The Sentimentalists* and *The Conventionalists*, for instance, is there a single character you really like, or whom the author means you to like, or likes himself? Certainly not Chris: certainly not the young priest. Mr. Rolles? Ah, here perhaps a secret is revealed. Look how Mr. Rolles repeats himself. Reborn in Chris, he is reduplicated, really, in Mr. Morpeth of *Initiation*, in the Friar of *The Average Man*, in all the people up and down these books who live by psychological intuitions. At once we see that Benson worked in types and are not surprised to have met a man to whom he actually said that to his mind there *were* only types, and that when you had spotted what type a man belonged to, you knew all about him that there was to know. Now this de-personalizing process is uncomfortable. I remember the first time R. Benson called on me at Cambridge and flung himself down in a huge chair, a nervous, gray-clad figure, with untidy hair, and glared at me beneath his brows. How I felt myself being ticketed: how I resisted . . . ! Also this method courts illusion: that very resistance must have hidden or distorted something. And, after all, men are not types! But then, was it indeed Benson's real method? Scarcely; else so many people, who hardly knew him, would not now be feeling they had

lost in him a sincere and personal friend. Mere types incarnate cannot be loved or love. Sometimes, however, the position is acknowledged. "The only possible way of tolerating (Lady Carberry) was to regard her from a humorous point of view; to elicit characteristic remarks and reckon them up afterwards—if possible in the company of a sympathizer; to take one's seat, so to speak, in the front row and look on at the play. Mary had soon learnt this." Detestable Mary! "I love contemplating people of this kind, because the subject is so endless and evasive. I have no certainty of what Mr. Fakenham thinks about, but I am stimulated by him to form unverifiable conjectures for ever. . . . I wish now to describe his appearance this morning—not that anything depends upon it. I wish only to gaze upon him for a minute or two." R. H. Benson really seemed to be out of sympathy with all these people, or at best wisely tolerant of them. Tolerant of his two great types of kindly, worldly, rather dense mammas and papas who govern country houses or simmer in society and are defeated by their children—yet how far kinder, though sterner too, is, for instance, Mr. Archibald Marshall's treatment of the Clintons!—less tolerant, by far, of the modern girl. For, not to mention "egotistical maniacs" like Enid, in *Initiation*, does one like Helen in *The Average Man*, Mrs. Weston and Lady Sarah in *The Winnowing*, or the immature maidens of *The Sentimentalists* and other books, even when they try to be affectionate and intuitional? Even the girl in *The Necromancers* is, despite her great spiritual experience and victory, subjected in the epilogue to analysis and rather "given away." (Yet Mary Corbet in *By What Authority?* Beatrice in *The King's Achievement?* Them we loved.) And finally, was Benson quite out of touch with the ordinary clergy of his day?

Probably some hundreds of them would rise up and indignantly answer "No." Yet his continuously displeasing portraits of priests have given no small offence, I hear, among his co-religionists. Certainly they are vulgar folk enough! Fr. Mahon in *The Necromancers*; Fr. Banting in *The Winnowing*; the boorish priest in *Initiation*; the tyrannical priest in *None Other Gods*; the awkward sentimentalist in the book so entitled—he becomes a Monsignor in *The Conventionalists*—I forget their horrid little names, but Benson was somewhat of a Dickens in his symbolic nomenclature—well, rare against this background rise the figures of a monk here, a friar there, a few medievalists—and also, in singular purity, the hermit, Richard Raynal. *Richard Raynal* is surely unique among Benson's books, almost among modern books. I would put with it little save Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's *Autobiography of John William Walshe*, a book of consistent sweetness, humor, and strength, fit to be fled to when life is too hard, too sordid, or despaired of. R. H. Benson must have written that when saturated with early English religious literature, and I believe you will notice that, whenever he really sympathizes with anything, it is either pre-Reformation, if English, pre-Renaissance, if foreign, or an organic continuation of this such as a modern Carthusian. It was in that period that he found a life-current undiluted, unpoisoned, it may be. In almost all that is typically modern he detected an element of death and quite subconsciously reacted against it, being unable to follow Matthew Arnold's counsel and fix his eyes on that by which a thing lived, disregarding that which in it was a germ of death. I think that, had he lived longer, this man, seemingly destined to an undying boyhood, would have grown out of the attention he gave to death and

have become less interested even in life, but more worshipful of it. For you necessarily, in a sense, stand outside what you are interested in—even when, in another sense, you identify yourself with it. Thus Benson, passionately interested in carving, gardening, horses, embroidery, medievalism, servants' halls, was yet but a most sensitive observer and critic. He knew what his characters felt like and would have said, most of the time, but was not really themselves, so as to feel, creatively, spontaneously, what they did.³

Even himself he observed with an exacted and passionate interest and, on the whole, delight. This absolves him, all along the line, from conceit. He even tolerated a frieze all about himself. You saw "Robert Hugh Benson arguing with Death," and a deal more all about that mysterious phenomenon, so tingling with vitality, Robert Hugh Benson. Now a vain or conceited person of any psychological education whatever, suffers tortures under advertisement, is utterly incapable of self-advertisement, and would simply have been physically unable to permit that frieze. Benson took a keen and vital delight in all that was alive; and, especially, in that most keen and vital creature, himself. After this, he was attracted to all that struck the senses rather unusually—therefore the "romantic" in scenery, religion, society, episode. But in this very realization of the colors and noises, the scents and the pranks and performances of human life (and by human I mean all that goes on upon this our stage whereon we react), lay a present weakness. He was *as* sensitive to supernatural life, *as* keenly conscious of its reality, but he had not yet synthesized the two. His Christ was tilted.

³ Else, for instance, he would never—as I feel sure he somewhere did, though where, to my disgust, I cannot for the life of me recall—have made a very superior young clerk read "Comic Cuts" in the train. A clerk would die rather than do that.

It would clearly be out of place for me, in these literary surmises, to investigate R. H. Benson's theology. It were equally an affectation were I to pretend not to perceive, throughout his work, a pre-occupation with religion as a mode of life essentially superior to the human yet somehow led up to, and into, by the human. Christ Himself thrusts the little boy beneath the cart: the degenerate Chris is destined to higher things than the honest Mon-signor, however much we may resent it: Algy has to be jockeyed into a cell; the Earl's son turns tramp and is murdered, and yet herein precisely has his triumph; the horrible dead Carmelite converts and attracts to her convent charming Mrs. Weston; the baronet, through hideous pain, is initiated into mysteries unguessed by the ordinary, satisfactory folk who are, as a matter of fact, enormously wrong all the way through. In the explicitly religious books we see this stated without any disguise. *Christ in the Church*, *The Friendship of Christ*, *The Paradoxes of Christianity*, and many a sporadic lecture and sermon, have insisted that the true "person" is Humanity incorporate with Jesus. A perilous theme, yet Pauline and Johanneine, and not for us to argue about here. But I am also sure that it is essential and ultimate as the universally differentiating element in the Roman Catholic system, and is why Benson became a Roman Catholic. Should it be also true, Roman Catholicism would survive as being the necessary medium in which man's complete life may develop, inasmuch as that life would be conceived complete only when it has out-reached itself and organically entered into Christ. Equally, the intellectualism, the culture of A. C. Benson would evaporate; and the mystical worldliness of E. F. Benson shrivel in the scorching breath of that divine atmosphere. Should he have

been right in tending towards a realization of this, should we have rightly led ourselves to surmise aught of what he saw, R. H. Benson can well afford to have not fully pruned away those imperfections of feeling and expression which survive in the Saint all but matured. That he was right, at least in the sense that he contained a dose

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of life (so to say) quite unusual in our anæmic period, seems proved by his power of communicating it, and this, I take it, he has done, since the very books we criticize and in a sense shrink from, we read and re-read and know almost, in parts, by heart, and put on a shelf unshared.

R. N.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

I.

"It'll dae fine," declared Mrs. MacColl.

She stepped back, red hands on square hips, to survey her preparations. She was a big, fresh-colored woman, not uncomely, as the sunshine slanting in through the hermetically sealed window revealed. Jeanie, the sturdy, red-polled child clutching the maternal skirt in one sticky hand, was popularly supposed to favor her mother. Visitors, wishful of conveying adroit flattery, not infrequently remarked so, anyway. It was also unconditionally admitted to be "an unco peety" that Christina, the younger of the two girls, both in mind and body loyally "took after" her other and less attractively dowered parent.

"It'll dae fine." Mrs. MacColl removed her black gown from Jeanie's determined grip. "Law sakes! What way's the bairn greetin'?" She administered a smart slap. "For shame, Jeanie, when I'm away for your little brither!"

That the said little brother—at present an unknown quantity—could be the cause of Jeanie's distress was sternly ignored by her mother. Casting an affectionate glance at her handiwork, she buttoned her tartan cloak, and walked briskly out of the house. The bairns accompanied her to the gate of the little garden, and stood hand in

hand, listening to her retreating footsteps down the road. The terror of invasion chills the heart of the stoutest. The Misses MacColl, aged respectively eight and nine, were too dazed by the imminent approach of such a calamity to be able to revel in the halcyon prospect of an afternoon and evening minus maternal supervision.

The MacColls' house stood back from the high-road amid a network of fields. Fields yellow with hay in the summertime, golden with corn and wheat through the russet weeks of autumn, brown and ripe and lusty during the days of ploughing and tilling. It was a very lonely spot. Standing at the little gate one looked over the countryside to where far-off hills folded in and out, and dark patches of wood rose up from the distant slopes and levels against a primrose sky. No trail of smoke wavered from the chimney of another homestead. There was no clatter of carts, no noise of footsteps or sound of voices along the gray road, winding away below.

The MacColls were farmers in a barren fashion. The little holding, situated on the very borders of the most remote county in Scotland, yielded nothing beyond a bare livelihood. Yet Jeanie and Christina grew up sturdy and red-cheeked in the keen air, on the frugal diet. Wars and rumors of wars

penetrated but gradually to this out-of-the-way spot. Tales of bloodshed and disaster trickled slowly through time and distance till they reached Freakham, the nearest market-town. There they were hearkened to with bulging eyes and bated breath. The titanic struggle between nation and nation being slowly waged in the West was difficult of understanding for Hamish MacColl and his companions.

As a subsequent result Mrs. MacColl was "away for a Belgun" that afternoon. She and Hamish had talked the matter over solemnly. Scotch frugality and canniness were laid aside for once. A little Belgian boy would be a companion to their own bairns, they declared. Ay, and he wad be a grand help on the farm when he was a wee bit aulder. The Lord had seen fit to deny them a son. Well, it wasna flying in the face of Providence to tak in a hameless wean. Even the minister had said 'twas a Christian act and would bring a blessing.

The decision was duly announced to Jeanie and Christina. Sad to relate, they proceeded to cast an aspersion upon the name of Scotch hospitality for evermore by their reception of the news. Their few toys they jealously carried off and secretly stowed away in an outhouse from the marauding hands of the interloper. With open mouths and dumb fury they stood by, watching the *best* box-bed opened and prepared for the intruding new-comer. Tears were unavailing. Bribes and entreaties fell upon deaf ears. News came of the expected arrival of a number of refugees at a fishing-village ten miles from Freakham. Mrs. MacColl arranged to meet her husband after the weekly market and drive with him to Brodwick, there to select a boy "Belgun." The invading enemy was upon the house of MacColl.

It was very cold in the little sloping garden. Already the hardy autumn

blossoms were shivering in the shrill wind. A dark band of trees stretched across the waning sky like an arm of menace. The children stood on the flagged path, chilled and cross. They were feeling too dispirited to quarrel or commence some game. A strange footstep was such an unusual sound in that remote place that Jeanie and Christina started when one was heard crunching the caked dust on the sloping road. They ran to the gate and looked out.

A woman was toiling up the steep. She wore broken shoes and no bonnet. In her arms she carried what looked like a slovenly bundle, rolled in a dirty shawl. The children saw few strangers. They regarded her advancing form doubtfully. She was not like the minister's lady who occasionally drove over to visit their mother. Mistress Cumming was neat and orderly, if not actively smart. Nor was this woman nearly so well dressed as Mistress Mackean, the wife of the wealthiest tradesman in Freakham. She looked ugly and dusty, poor soul. The children shrank as she approached the gate.

She laid a dirty hand upon it. "Is mither ben, bairns?" she asked. Her voice was homely but not unrefined. In truth, she had once been a servant in good places before drink and other evils had brought her to her present pass.

Jeanie shook her head. "Mither's away for a Belgun," she replied stolidly.

"Ay?" returned the stranger. She looked faintly curious.

Jeanie nudged her sister. "You tell, Christina."

Christina sucked a sable thumb. "Nay, you," she objected.

Jeanie commenced her tale of woe. The woman shifted from one foot to the other as she listened. She was cold and weary. The child's chatter

did not interest her, save to give her the inkling of a sordid scheme. She glanced down at the bundle in her arms and smiled cunningly. Weel, it was an ill wind that blew nobody good.

She nodded as Jeanie finished. "And sae ye dinna want a little brither?" She shook her head. "My, it's a peety! 'Twould be as fine as a live doll, I'm thinkin'. Ye could feed him and dress him, and have grand games together, eh, lassies?"

Christina looked at Jeanie. "We didna ken," she began. "Mither only tauld us he'd be ain of us, and share a' oor toys." Their eyes met again. A doll—a plaything! They possessed few such. This gave a different aspect to the situation.

The woman half turned away. "Well, I'll no leave him then, as ye dinna want him," she announced.

"Leave who?" Jeanie stared.

"Why, the bairn o' course." She bit her lip. "I met your mither in—in—" She paused awkwardly.

"Mither's away to Freakham," Christina interpolated obligingly.

"Oh, ay. I couldna mind the name of yon wee toon." She nodded. "Well, I met her, and 'Mem,' she says, 'I've a Belgun brat here I'm taking hame, and I've tae meet my man, so I'd be muckle obleeged if ye'd carry it back for me, and gi' it to my bairns.'" She paused. "Of course, I was glad to oblige her—a real civil-spoken woman yer mither, lassies—sae here I am, but if ye dinna want the bairn—" She stopped again.

The children eyed her doubtfully. Of course they believed the woman's ridiculous story implicitly. Here was a glorious, unparalleled opportunity for getting rid of the intruder. But then—a live doll to look after and play with—new varieties and excitements in their even existence. Curiosity conquered everything.

"Dae 'ye want him, Christina?" queried Jeanie. She added unblushingly: "I doubt I'm beginning tae mysel'."

Christina nodded emphatically. "I'd like him fine," she declared.

This clinched the matter. The woman opened her bundle cautiously. The children stood on tiptoe to peep at the contents over the top of the gate. The boy was perhaps a year old, fair-haired, fair-skinned, blue-eyed. Its mother regarded it indifferently.

She laid the shawl and its contents in Jeanie's eager arms. "See and dinna drop him now," she ordered sharply. "Maybe I'd better see him ben the hoose mysel'."

But Jeanie was in possession of the precious bundle. "Nay, I'll be awfu' careful," she promised breathlessly.

The woman hesitated, lingered, finally turned away. She would have liked to rest and shelter for a while. The wind was rising shrilly and the sky beginning to darken and overcast. The hills looked black and menacing. Inside the farm kitchen a fire capered and glanced. She could see the ruddy gleams through the white-curtained window. But a strange mingling of shame and fear kept her from pressing her advantage. She was doing these homely people sufficient harm without entering and intruding.

Nodding briefly, she lounged away down the lane, a solitary gray figure in the gathering dusk. She forced herself as far as the cross-roads, where a little public-house dragged out a precarious existence. The flaring lights beckoned her. She went in, to drink herself stupid with her few remaining coins.

II.

Mrs. MacColl awaited her husband outside the rendezvous selected, the chief inn of Freakham. Punctually at four o'clock the dog-cart rattled up the narrow street. Hamish had spent a

profitable day at market, and made several astounding bargains. His long, lean countenance irradiated solemn satisfaction as he pulled up on seeing his wife.

She climbed to the seat beside him in silence. They were not folk given to unnecessary conversation. Several miles of rough road lay behind the trap before they uttered a word. The keen wind was blowing over the fields on either hand. An army of rooks overhead surrendered themselves to the ecstasy of being tossed hither and thither towards the bare tree-tops.

"What aged bairn are ye thinkin' of, Maggie?" her husband asked. He coaxed the horse up a steep part of the road.

"I dinna mind." She pulled her cloak closer. "I doubt he'll hae tae be nae mair nor a wean though," she added. She shook her head convincingly.

"What way?"

"Eh, Hamish, we dinna want a ladie speaking awful outlandish gibberish, like you Belguns talk." She looked reprovingly at him. "Mistress McTavish was aye telling me they canna understand a word yon puir bodies say, away at Brodwick."

Hamish's mouth went down at the corners. "Ay, I didna think of that, lass." He brightened up. "We'll hae tae tell them we're wantin' a wean, and I've nae doubt he'll speak guid broad Scots after a few years beside us," he decided.

They came in sight of the little fishing-village of Brodwick. Perched precariously on the cliff, it overlooked a gray, sullen sea, rocking and fretting impotently far below. Two lines of white-washed cottages bordered the solitary street, ending in a couple of larger buildings, the school-house and the manse. The MacColls, in duty bound, alighted at the door of the latter, to interview the "meenister."

They sat in a little, stuffy, book-lined study, while an urchin held the horse's head outside. The window, bordered with red geraniums, looked over the sea. The sound of it drifted faintly in through the open pane. Mrs. MacColl longed ardently for a duster. The prevailing untidiness was a positive pain to her orderly housewife's soul. Hamish sat with his sturdy boots well away from the worn carpet. He felt utterly out of his accustomed surroundings. It was a relief to both when the minister came in.

Mrs. MacColl rose respectfully. "We've come for a Belgun, if ye please, sir," she commenced.

The minister, a gray-haired, care-worn individual, gently requested her to sit down and explain. The motherhood touching her homely features as she talked, made her plain face beautiful. He listened in silence, his chin in his hand. At the conclusion he shook his head.

"My dear Mrs. MacColl, I'm afraid it's impossible." He paused, and went on: "The Belgian children all came here with their parents. They don't want to be parted from them."

The disappointment in her eyes made him look away. "Is there no a little yin, sir? We wouldna mind a wean, would we, Hamish?" She turned to her silent husband.

He shook his head. "Nay. Have ye no a wean wi'oot its mither, minister? The wife's awfu' set on ain."

The minister rose. "We'll come and see," he said gently.

They followed him, renewed hope in their hearts. He put on a shabby overcoat and led the way out of the little manse. The "Belguns" were accommodated in the large school-house close beside. Thither the inquirers bent their steps.

The errand proved fruitless and disappointing. Among all the band of refugees now housed and warmed and

sheltered, no small Belgian boy required a home. Panic-stricken mothers clutched their offspring defiantly, chattering in shrill Flemish, when the two strangers approached with their request duly translated. There was literally no "Belgun" to be had for love or money. It took some time and much tact before Hamish and Maggie MacColl could comprehend the reason why. They found themselves in the street again, bewildered and disappointed.

"I'm extremely sorry, Mrs. MacColl." The minister shrank from her saddened face. "You see how it is."

"Aye, I see." She heaved a sigh. "You canna want tae pairt them frae their mithers, but it's an unco disappointment." She paused, and added despondently: "We thoct there'd be ower many bairns wantin' hames."

He smiled. "Won't you and your husband come back to the manse and have a cup of tea with me?" he suggested kindly.

"We canna, thank you, sir." She looked round for the trap. "I doubt we've tae be gettin' back tae our ain bairns."

They drove home in grim silence, with empty arms and full hearts. No "Belgun" sat between them on the narrow front seat, as they had fondly planned and anticipated. No yellow head nestled sleepily against an adopted mother's ample shoulder. Despite Mrs. MacColl's sturdy philosophy it was a bitter disappointment. She caught herself weeping silently to her deep disgust.

As the lights of the little farm twinkled out of the dusk Hamish took his wife's hand. "Dinna greet, lass," he remarked gruffly.

"Aye." She heaved a sigh. "We've got each other and the lassies, my mon, but I'd ha' liket a boy fine."

She stumbled up the little flagged path in the darkness. She was slightly

comforted by the touch of her husband's rough lips against her cheek as he lifted her out of the trap. She opened the farmhouse door and went in. The small square kitchen was rosy with firelight.

Jeanie greeted her severely. "Ye're ower late, mithers, and the bairn waitin' on ye," she began.

Mrs. MacColl went forward. On the best box-bed sprawled a fair-haired, sleeping child. Christina, on her knees beside him, shielded the firelight from the little face. He was so like a fat baby Mrs. MacColl had seen that afternoon, and particularly coveted, that for a moment she thought she must be dreaming. She took Jeanie firmly by the wrist.

"What wean's that?" she demanded deeply.

Jeanie twisted herself free. "He's oors, of course," she retorted triumphantly.

Mrs. MacColl sat down heavily. Piece by piece she succeeded in extracting the truth. Half-way through the duet-recital her husband came in and stood listening, his hand upon her shoulder.

"It's no a Belgun, mithers, but canna we keep it?" Jeanie gazed adoringly at the sleeping bundle. "We'd like tae fine, would we no, Christina?"

Christina nodded stolidly. Like her father she never wasted words. "Aye," she replied.

"Ye're twa changeable lassies." MacColl pinched his daughter's cheek. "Who didna want a little brither, eh?"

He looked at his wife. She was sitting in the dying firelight, the child asleep upon her lap. "D'ye want it, Maggie?" he queried gruffly. "It's ain mithers'll no dispute it with ye, I'm thinkin'." He muttered something under his breath.

She caught her own back. "Oh, Hamish, would ye no mind? It's a bonny bairn, and if it's no a Belgun

it's wanting a hame as muckle as ain." She paused and added: "I'm like Jeanie here. I'd like it fine." She pressed the child closer.

He nodded and their eyes met. The wind-swept landscape outside, the sturdy well-built farm, the firelight

and the sense of home, all faded away. Each looked back, shyly, humbly, reverently, over the centuries to a stable in Bethlehem, where, because there was no room in inn or palace, a mother cradled her Babe.

Winifred A. Duke.

The Westminster Gazette.

ON BROTHERHOOD.

Professor Gilbert Murray, at the recent meeting of the Fabian Society at which M. Vandervelde spoke and M. Verhaeren read one of his poems, observed that the Fabian Society had three great functions—research, criticism, and the spread of brotherhood—and he urged the members during the present European crisis to give brotherhood rather than criticism the best seat at the table. He did not mean by this, he said, merely the brotherhood of nations—the spirit which rises in protest against the extravagant hatred of individual Germans preached in some quarters. He was sure he would carry everybody present with him if brotherhood meant only that. What he meant was that we might sometimes remember that even the officials at the Home Office and the War Office were our brothers.

That, we confess, is to fix the standard of brotherhood on the heights. It is to demand something almost as difficult of achievement as Socialism—something, indeed, that can scarcely be fully achieved until Socialism is in being. Socialism is, in one of its aspects, a policy for transforming a world of officials into a world of brothers. It will fill the War Offices and the Home Offices of the earth with human beings of as irresistible a fraternity as the Brothers Cheeryble: if it does not it will be by so much the less Socialism. Before that day arrives, how-

ever, we have still to exist for some time in the east wind, and to leave our government in the hands of the automaton on a stool. From one point of view he is not even an automaton—he is a wheel in the machine. And one may be pardoned for asking if one can love a wheel. Well, until the conception of the State as a mob run by a machine gives place to the conception of the State as a family run by the family, it seems as if we must even try to do that. To be brother to a wheel seems like a relationship more imaginable in Alice's Wonderland than on this reasonable earth. Yet to be that, in a way, is the test of our faith. It is against reason; but reason here must be swept aside as it was by the old theologian who obstinately boasted, *Credo quia impossibile*.

Brotherhood, even in the best of circumstances, is a good deal easier as a text than as a practice. It is easier to affirm the brotherhood of the entire human race than to behave like a brother within the walls of one's own house. One does not feel like a brother even towards the people who dine at the same table as one at a restaurant. If one has any feeling in regard to them at all, it is as likely to be one of dislike as of kindness. One is a mass of irritable egoism when a new-comer sits down and takes away one's elbow-room, or eats his soup with a noise, or knocks over

the salt with his evening paper. Similarly at every turn in the petty events of the day. It is difficult to feel like a brother towards the lady at the Tube booking-office who counts her change half-a-dozen times and disembowels and re-embowels her handbag before she will pass on. We know men who have been embittered against the whole of their mother's sex by nothing worse than the conduct of a woman who would neither herself jump off the step of a 'bus as it slowed down nor would let anyone else do it, or who wore a hatpin carelessly, or who made a panicky rush for a lift in a manner opposed to the best traditions of the court of Versailles. The detestation in which some men hold telephone-girls—who really do not put one on to the wrong number six times in a hundred—is notorious. If crime had not come to be regarded as a somewhat disreputable affair, we candidly believe our own times would show a more fearful list of murders than the days of the Borgias. Nowadays, however, we no longer stab or poison those who get in our way and irritate us. We simply call them names. Some student of social history ought, before it is too late, to make a complete list of the names used by modern men and women to denote their lack of what may be called fraternal feeling towards servants, tradesmen, clerks, organ-grinders, officials, statesmen, and each other. It would be an appalling collection, and fit only for private circulation. It would put Rabelais to the blush. Without such a list, however, one aspect of the social history of the twentieth century is in danger of being forgotten, and we may pass with posterity for a gentler age than we actually are. Here are our daggers and our poisoned rings—a whole menagerie of them, if one may say so. Here is uttered our condemnation, as those who are still

a race of barbarians, quarrelling in the hut and in the market-place, ever aiming at the damage of our enemies with the magic of evil words.

Some people may think that the great danger to the sense of brotherhood in modern times is not our hatred of our fellows so much as our indifference to them. We have lost the old-fashioned sort of neighborliness and charity, and we have not yet achieved that fuller neighborliness and charity which will be the soul of the ideal State. We have now no feeling of neighborliness for the people who live in the same street with us; we are not so charitable as we used to be to the beggar who whines at our door. The world has grown too big for those ancient individual relationships. We dare not be human, as our fathers were. If we were, we should have no time left in which to make enough money to pay our taxes and our public subscriptions. That is the case as it might be made out against the modern man. On the whole, we do not think it will stand examination. If we pick and choose among our neighbors, it is not that we are less capable of friendship, but that our circle of friends, instead of being a village affair, has a wider radius. If we are not always patient with the beggar at the door, it is not that our pockets are more grudging than they used to be; we are at least as eager as ever, if it is only out of a kind of superstition, to share a little of our surplus with others. But the person with whom we wish to share it is no longer necessarily the man who chooses to bring his miseries to our door. We ask in these days, as it were, to be allowed to select our own beggar, or else to have him selected for us by some expert in the matter. The new charity is less emotional than the old. It is more lofty both in the good and the bad senses of the word. But the point is that

probably the modern man gives at least as much of his income to the succor of the poor as any of his ancestors did except those who happened to be saints. Neither he nor his ancestors, however, can be pointed to as models of the spirit of brotherhood. Charity in its degraded sense—whether personal charity or charity by proxy—is not even the shadow of brotherhood. It is often merely a bribe to our conscience to release us from the obligations of brotherhood.

Nor is brotherhood, as sometimes appears to be thought, a sort of vague emotionalism. The mawkish sort of brotherhood is scarcely above the level of the boon-fellowship of whiskey. Brotherhood is rather a kind of generosity which flows from the heart into the mind. Men find themselves momentarily transfigured by brotherhood in crises of danger. All men are brothers in presence of a drowning man, of a child that has been run over, of a family being rescued from a burning house. They are suddenly absorbed by a passionate interest in the fate of someone whom they may have never seen before. It seems ridiculous that we should be passionately interested in the fate of a man while he is struggling with foolish gestures in the water, and that we should relapse into absolute indifference to his fate as soon as he is able to do something which is both more graceful and more useful on dry land. Yet so it is we are made. Our moral sloth is such that only some fearful piece of drama can awake us out of it into an interest in the destiny of any except a tiny handful of the human race. Yet, until we become alive to the fact that the most fearful drama in the world—the dramatic conflict between the forces of salvation and the forces of damnation—is going on in the undulous breast of every human being at every moment of the

day, we shall have missed one of the obvious facts of life—the main fact, perhaps, at the basis of the theory of human brotherhood. It is because the religious revivalists to some extent realize this fact that they succeed in achieving a sense of brotherhood which neither morals nor philosophy alone can give. If you wrestle for souls in the back streets with the same sweat and agony as in kings' palaces, naturally you give the back-street imagination a sense of riches beyond anything measurable in money.

As a matter of fact, the revivalist not only beats the clergyman in the back streets but he beats him also in the kings' palaces. For the man who can feel brother to a beggar is the same man who will feel brother to a king. He brings his gift of royalty with him into the houses of the poor and the houses of the great. Or, rather, he recalls all men to their ancient partnership in a kingdom of kings. Just as it is more glorious to be a king in reality than a king in a play, so he makes men feel that it is finer to be a king in this new sense than in the common manner of the earth. There has been a good deal of psychological study of religious experience in recent years, and some of the psychologists have come to the conclusion that the religious emotion has no concern with the existence of a God, but is in essence an ecstasy of the group. However one may disagree with this as an attempt to confuse origin with means of development, there is no denying that this ecstasy of the group does continually enrich and exalt life in twenty other fields besides that of religion. The emotions of the family, the city, the political party, the patria, the church, the race—however much any of these group emotions may have been perverted from love into a kind of jealous lust, man without them is in-

conceivable, except as a quadrumanous Caliban. And every such group emotion is simply an assertion of the instinct of brotherhood—brotherhood which began on the mud floor of the hut, and crept out thence into the village, and went abroad into the province, and conspired for the unity of kingdoms, and is now busy amid blood and disaster striving to bring neighborliness into Europe. It has even been acclaimed with much bad verse as having annexed the whole earth under its flag, and this is prophesied in a thousand noble lives of men who have cast their days among lepers, and have sat down patiently to explain before some cannibal king how in a just balance his little, kicking soul would weigh down all the silver and gold and bones and stones in the universe. This is the *Civis Romanus sum* that the creed of brotherhood teaches as the beginning and the end of speech in the capitals and in the lost islands.

It is odd that in Europe the only nation in which the creed seems entirely natural in our own time is Russia of the despotisms. There are men and women in other nations who can call a man brother without making one feel slightly sick, but it is only in Russia that people seem to be decently able to call any man brother at any hour of the day. Their literature is the most brotherly in Europe. Dickens may be set against Tolstol

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and Dostoevsky—and, with all his faults, he is still the prince of brotherhood in literature—but somehow *Master and Man* and the most Christian pages of *The Brothers Karamazov* seem to be related to the natural day in Russia as the simplicities of *Peggotty* and *Mr. Dick* are not related to the ordinary life of England. This brotherhood in Russia is personal rather than social. It is revivalist's brotherhood, not politician's brotherhood. That, of course, is the essential brotherhood. But, if it does not overflow into politics, then is politics damned. It may be answered that all this is merely the remains of the semi-feudal system in Russia. But that does not affect the point. If it is, then there are characteristics of feudalism that the western world must embody in order to save itself from commonness. We must cease acting as though all the people in the census returns and in the streets were more unreal than ciphers, and struggle to realize that each of them, like ourselves, is capable of hunger and cold and cheerfulness, and that to some few people he is probably one of the immense figures on the hump of the globe. Perhaps we shall be unable all at once to fight our way into the truth that all men are brothers. Let us get even as far as admitting they are cousins, and we shall have done very well.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT AND THE EAST.

The formal assumption of a Protectorate over Egypt suggests many reflections on the past; but perhaps the more fruitful line of thought is that which looks towards the future. The abolition of Turkish suzerainty clears the ground of tangles that have for

thirty years beset the feet of those who strove for Egyptian progress. It opens the door for an abolition of the Capitulations, that primary mark of lowered status in an Oriental country, and it enables us to foster Western justice and Western notions of self-

government in Egypt as far as our imagination and our political courage may take us. Among many new valuations which the catastrophe of war has forced upon the world, not the least striking is the changed regard for the East. It is true that this is not so much a revolution as a sudden acceleration of a process which began with the success of the Japanese arms in Manchuria. That event first gave real confidence to the Oriental, and first hinted to the West that the status of pupillage was not to be the lot for ever of every Asiatic. Then followed the political agitation in India, and the recognition of its validity in the Morley reforms. For the conception that India might come to be, not a burden on the Empire, but a source of positive military strength, hardly emerged before the present war.

Few political contrasts are more instructive than that which must be in the minds of many Liberals of the older generation, who recollect their feeling about the action of Disraeli in bringing Indian troops to Malta in 1878, and compare it silently with the emotions excited in them, as in all Englishmen, by the deeds of the Indian division in Flanders. Thirty-six years ago Disraeli's action seemed to be of a piece with his reactionary Oriental Imperialism. No one then thought of the incident as one that must react favorably on the political status of the Indian in general, for the Indian in general had no political status. In 1914, beyond the immediate accession of military strength, we can recognize the implications for the future of India, the new position that the Indian has won by fighting as an equal by our side, not in a frontier skirmish with barbarians, but in the greatest war of history, against the greatest army, the heaviest guns, and the most modern mechanism of war. India can never fall back from the position

which her soldiers have won for her. She must go forward, and it is for our military authorities to take the first step by opening successively higher commands to native Indian officers.

But beyond the action of the troops and the immediate necessities of war, there is the permanent problem which is being rapidly restated. The general loyalty of India has been spontaneous and genuine enough to show that India, given sufficient scope for internal development, is amply satisfied with a position within the Empire, and knows in her heart that any change would be for the worse. On the other hand, he who will reflect coolly on the position of our scattered territories will recognize that unless each part is a willing adherent, and ready to contribute handsomely to its own defence, the burden on the centre will be one under which some day it must break down. We must frankly take India into partnership, as we have taken South Africa. The problem, though different, is not on the whole more difficult. Largely it is social rather than political, a problem of accustoming the white civil servant to look on the Indian as one who may be a comrade and fellow-worker, notwithstanding difference of color and historical tradition. The foundation of such comradeship is racial respect, and that is what India is winning for her sons by the aid of her troops.

In the end, the hope for Egypt must run along the same lines. Our association with Egypt has been shorter and less direct. It has throughout our stay been hampered by the anomalous position which is now brought to an end. But even our critics admit that on the material side it has been of value. What it now mainly needs, if it is to achieve enduring success, is imagination enough to recognize, and flexibility enough to adapt ourselves to,

the currents of Egyptian national sentiment. Formal liberation from Turkey should in itself be a satisfaction to that sentiment. The title of Sultan conferred on a descendant of Mehemet Ali in a manner completes his work. It should be our task to make Egyptians feel that in exchanging nominal dependence on Turkey for an admitted position within the British Empire, they are not merely changing masters, but are entering a system of free communities—a system in which, in the future, freedom is meant to become more and more of a reality, not merely for the European but the Asiatic as well. Intrinsically, there is no reason why any Egyptian should be moved by loyalty to Turkey to hesitate in helping to defend his country against invasion. Not only is it fairly well understood in the East that Turkey's part in the war was made in Germany, but even were it other-

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wise, the history of the relations between the countries affords no ground of sentimental attachment on the part of the Egyptian to Turkish rule. This matter of the Caliphate, resting, as it does, on no family or racial sanctity, but on the mechanical basis of the custody of the sacred places, ought to be well within our power to adjust in our own, and indeed in Egypt's, favor. The larger issue of the identification of Egyptian feeling with the Imperial connection must be a work of time and tact. But that our permanent security on the route to India, as in India itself, must rest on the good will of the peoples with whom we have to deal is a lesson which British opinion has, perhaps, been slow to learn, but which is now, we think, becoming familiar far beyond the circles which were originally disposed to accept it on general principles of Liberalism.

THE CROWNING PROOF.

The crowning proof that German intrigue and cynicism caused the war was provided in the remarkable statement which Signor Giolitti, the ex-Prime Minister, made in the Italian Chamber recently. He said:—

"On August 9th, 1913, the Marquis Di San Giuliano, then Foreign Minister, sent me the following telegram: 'Austria has communicated to us and to Germany her intention of acting against Serbia, and defines such action as defensive, hoping to establish in regard to the Triple Alliance a *casus fœderis*, which I regard as inapplicable. I am endeavoring to arrange with Germany for joint efforts to be made to prevent such action by Austria, but it will be necessary to say clearly that we do not consider such possible action as defensive, that we do not believe, therefore, a *casus*

fœderis exists.' I replied: 'If Austria acts against Serbia it is evident that a *casus fœderis* is not established. It is not a case of defence, because no one thinks of attacking Austria. It is necessary that Austria should be informed of this in the most formal manner, and Germany must be urged to take action to turn Austria from this very dangerous adventure.'"

Before this revelation the jig-saw picture of German guilt was already almost complete. The picture for a long time had stood out plain and forbidding, and no unprejudiced person had been able to doubt its terrible meaning. Still, there were a few parts of the jig-saw puzzle which were missing. Most of these were supplied by the French Yellow Book, and they certainly made a startling addition to the

picture. The last piece was produced by Signor Giolitti and duly fitted into its place.

The finished picture conveys to us something more than the origins of the present war. It provides an explanation of the second Balkan War. Every one remembers that when the Balkan Allies had successfully defeated Turkey, Bulgaria turned without warning on her former co-operators, Serbia and Greece, and, in what seemed an unparalleled act of madness, tried to take from them with the sword territory which was at the moment in their occupation. We can now fairly form the deduction that Bulgaria, who had been in the confidence of Austria as regards Balkan affairs, did not doubt that Austria would fall upon Serbia in accordance with the plan which has just been disclosed. As for the bearing of Signor Giolitti's statement on the causes of the present war, we must take back even the concession we had been able to make to the German point of view, that the murder of the Archduke and his wife was sufficient justification for the sending of an exceptionally severe ultimatum to Serbia. For we see now, in the light of Signor Giolitti's statement, that the murder was not the cause but merely the pretext of the ultimatum. The campaign against Serbia had been planned a year before. It had hung fire then perhaps solely because Italy had honorably and firmly refused to have anything to do with it. But it had never been absent from the minds of German and Austrian statesmen, and when such an excellent pretext as the murder of the Archduke presented itself the old plan was quickly put into action. But this time Germany and Austria did not trouble to consult Italy at all. They communicated to her not a single word of their intentions. Why should they? They had laid the same plan before

her a year before and had received her answer—the only answer that could be returned by scrupulous statesmen careful for the peace of the world. That the plan of 1913 and the plan of 1914 would probably cause a European war was admitted by Germany and Austria—the whole point of Germany's communication to Italy in 1913 was to ascertain whether she could be persuaded to regard an attack on Serbia as a *casus federis*; in other words, whether she was to be relied upon in a European war. Sir Edward Grey, in his negotiations before the war, freely assented to the proposition that Austria had a right to punish Serbia for the anti-Austrian feeling which (whether the Serbian Government were directly or indirectly responsible) had culminated in the murder of the Archduke. But all the time Sir Edward Grey was unconsciously only approving of a colorable pretext for a deep-laid military scheme by the great Central Powers. Once again we must draw attention to the persistence of the Bismarckian tradition that what is morally wrong must be made, by the manipulation of some fortunate accident, to appear morally right. The way in which the murder of the Archduke was used was a repetition, in another form, of the falsification of the Ems telegram. In the Danish War, in the Austro-Prussian War, and in the Franco-German War a device of this sort was in every case employed. And now the proof is clear that the same thing was done in bringing about the most frightful war in history. The plot against Serbia, we repeat, was an old plot, and if it had not been attached to the Archduke's name some other incident would sooner or later have been found as an excuse. The will for a European war was there. The war was bound to come when there was a conjunction of what were judged to be favorable mili-

tary circumstances with some incident that might with ingenious hypocrisy be turned to give Germany the appearance of acting on high moral grounds.

It is very interesting to mark how perfectly the revelation by Signor Giolitti fits in with portions of the French Yellow Book. It is enough to thrill the most jaded plodder at jig-saw puzzles. For instance, M. Jules Cambon in November, 1913, sent to his Government the report of a conversation which had just taken place between the King of the Belgians and the German Emperor in the presence of General von Moltke. He wrote that a deep impression had been made on the King, and continued:—

"I am in no way surprised by the impression created, which corresponds with that made on me some time ago. Hostility against us is becoming more marked, and the Emperor has ceased to be a partisan of peace. The German Emperor's interlocutor thought up to the present, as did everybody, that William the Second, whose personal influence has been exerted in many critical circumstances in favor of the maintenance of peace, was still in the same state of mind. This time, it appears, he found him completely changed. The German Emperor is no longer in his eyes the champion of peace against the bellicose tendencies of certain German parties. William II. has been brought to think that war with France is inevitable, and that it will have to come one day or the other. The Emperor, it need hardly be said, believes in the crushing superiority of the German Army and in its assured success. General von Moltke spoke in exactly the same sense as his Sovereign. He also declared that war was necessary and inevitable, but he showed himself still more certain of success. 'For,' said he to the King, 'this time we must put an end to it' (*cette fois il faut en finir*), 'and your Majesty can hardly doubt the irresistible enthusiasm which on that day will carry away the whole German people.' The King of the Bel-

gians protested that to interpret the intentions of the French Government in this manner was to travesty them, and to allow oneself to be misled as to the feelings of the French nation by the manifestations of a few hot-heads, or of conscienceless intriguers."

Here we see the same plot in another aspect. The German Emperor had been converted by the war party. We assume for the moment that, as M. Jules Cambon believes, the Emperor had formerly been consistently in favor of peace, and that his conversion was quite recent. Three months after the attempt to reconcile Italy to a European war, we find the Emperor trying to reconcile the King of the Belgians to the same thing. There was no mention of Serbia, because Serbia was too far away to interest Belgium. France took the place of Serbia as the country that must be "finished with." But the plot was the same. The rise of Germany on the wreckage of Europe was the object.

We need add only a few words from the British standpoint. No doubt the British Government were informed about the plot against Serbia in 1913. And they must have known that the meaning of it was a general war. Italy perceived that clearly enough, and it cannot be supposed that the vision of the British Foreign Office was less penetrating. When exactly the same action against Serbia was proposed again in 1914, why did not the British Government instantly recognize that Germany meant to bring about the great war at last? We can suppose only that Sir Edward Grey refused to believe so much evil of any country. He hoped against hope. He wrote, spoke, and acted on the assumption that Germany could not, after all, mean what previous information indicated that she did mean. If our surmise be correct, Sir Edward Grey risked being taken at a military dis-

advantage by men obviously intent on war, in the desperate hope that they might be turned from their purpose. But what an extraordinary proof this

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is that he went all lengths to preserve peace—the most overwhelming proof, we think, that has yet been laid before the world!

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

Folk-lore has been aptly described as the "childhood of fiction," and just as it is essential in the study of biology to commence with the protoplasmic stage of existence, so too, in order fully to understand and appreciate the value and beauty of the full-grown modern literary products of any country, the student of international literature must first penetrate into that remote and shadowy nursery of the past wherein the infant art was reared.

For richness, interest, variety, and literary quality, the early folk-literature of the Russian peoples may well claim to stand supreme in Europe. No other European country has succeeded in preserving so vast a store of mythological legends, ghost-stories, fairy tales, folk-ballads, and epic songs; in no other country are ancient customs more popular or more religiously observed. In many parts of Russia the wandering minstrel, with his antiquated stringed instrument, was a familiar figure as late as the nineteenth century, and to-day the various festivals and celebrations which play so large a part in the life of the Russian peasant provide innumerable occasions for the observance of particular rites with the accompanying recital of song cycles. The most popular are the *Khorovod*, a spring festival chiefly celebrated by village communities, and the *Posidyelka*, an event of fairly frequent occurrence in towns or in districts where wintry conditions prevail. The choral portion consists of individual ballads, or *billini*, which are in-

terspersed with dances and by-play, the whole forming a sort of crude folk-drama. The ballads deal chiefly with pastoral and domestic incidents, and though often included in the term *billini*, should not be confused with these latter, which are a collection of fragmentary epics or historical romances with little or no bearing upon particular customs. From the *billini* there sprang certain "historical songs," which, with the "robber songs," "Cossack songs," and "soldier songs," form a class apart from the domestic folk-songs.

Mysterious and beautiful as are the folk-songs of the Russian peasant, it is to the prose stories, or fairy tales, that the non-studious stranger turns with greatest interest, and from which he gains a clearer insight into the composition of the Slav mind. This is partly due to the regrettable fact that even the most careful and sympathetic of English translators fail to produce more than a blurred resemblance to the original of a Russian poem, which in its native form abounds in a rich variety of peculiar and distinctive etymological blooms, many of which, alas, are untransplantable. The simple and direct phraseology of the prose tales, however, offers fewer technical difficulties, and by their homely humor, resembling, as it does in many ways, the humor of our own folk-lore, the task of the translator is rendered easier, and the Anglo-Saxon mind is enabled to meet its Slavonic neighbor on more or less common ground.

In reading a Russian folk-tale one

is struck by the bright, conversational style, the shrewd wit, the quaint Puckish imagery, and the deft phraseology which packs into a crisp sentence a wealth of homely philosophy. Some of these *skaskas* are variants of our own popular fairy tales; many bear the Scandinavian imprint; others are tinged with the bright colors of the ancient East. But in the main they are purely Slavonic in conception. Like all classic literature, their application is universal, inasmuch as they deal with characteristics common to all races; but the spirit which gives them their charm is the strange, lovable, simple, yet curiously unfathomable spirit of Russia. Abounding with illustrations of Russian life and custom, and bearing upon wellnigh every phase of the national character, they afford a clear insight into those deep, abiding qualities which go to make up the Slav mind, and are as invaluable to the student as they are fascinating to the casual reader.

In common with most folk-lore, the Russian *skaskas* turn upon mythology, ghosts, witchcraft (the Baba Yaga is the Russian witch or female fiend), and natural and supernatural phenomena; but their humor, usually genial, often caustic, and their workaday philosophy, give them a literary value of their own. The Russian people, simple, outspoken, and candid in their habits and conversation, detest cant and humbug, and these two vices, together with those of avarice, shrewishness, cowardice, selfishness, etc., are shrewdly satirized from behind a mask of quaint domestic humor. The miser is a favorite butt of the writer of Russian fables, and the following story of "The Miser"¹ is fairly representative of the class to which it belongs. A wealthy and avaricious merchant borrows a kopeck of a poorer neighbor

in order that he may bestow alms upon a beggar. The next day the poor man calls for his kopeck, but is informed that the rich man has no change. He goes away, but returns a second time for his kopeck. The merchant, seeing the poor man approaching, exclaims to his wife:

"Harkye, wife! I'll strip myself naked and lie down under the holy picture. Cover me with a cloth, and sit down and cry just as you would over a corpse. When the moujik comes for his money, tell him I died this morning!"

Well, the wife did everything exactly as her husband directed her. While she was sitting there the moujik came into the room.

"What do you want?" says she.

"The money Marko the Rich owes me," answers the poor man.

"Oh, moujik, Marko the Rich has wished us farewell; he's only just dead!"

"The Kingdom of Heaven be his! If you'll allow me, mistress, in return for my kopeck, I'll do him a last service—give his mortal remains a wash!"

So saying, he laid hold of a pot of boiling water and began to pour the scalding contents over Marko the Rich. Marko, his brows knit, his legs contorted, was scarcely able to hold out.

"Writhe away or not, as you please," thought the poor man, "but pay me my kopeck!"

When he had washed the body, and laid it out properly, he said:

"Now then, mistress, buy a coffin, and have it taken into the church; I'll go and read Psalms over it!"

So Marko the Rich was put into a coffin and taken into the church, and the moujik began to read Psalms over him. All of a sudden a window opened and a party of robbers entered the church. The moujik hid himself behind the altar. As soon as the robbers had come in they began dividing their booty, and after everything else had been shared there remained over and above a golden sabre—each one laid hold of it for himself.

¹ From "Russian Folk Tales," by W. R. S. Ralston.

Out jumped the poor man, crying:
 "What's the good of disputing that way? Let the sabre belong to him who will cut this corpse's head off!"

Up jumped Marko the Rich like a madman. The robbers were frightened out of their wits, flung away their spoil, and scampered off.

"Here, moujik," says Marko, "let's divide the money!"

They divided it equally between them: each of the shares was a large one.

"But how about the kopeck?" asks the poor man.

"Ah, brother!" replies Marko, "surely you can see I've got no change!"

Proverbs and wise sayings abound. "The morning is wiser than the evening." "The blast though it blows does not blow for ever, but a scolding old woman is not so easy to avoid." "If you don't know the ford, don't

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step overboard" (a variant of our "Look before you leap"). "Don't spit in the well or thou wilt have to drink up the water thyself." One could quote indefinitely from the wisdom of the Russian folk-lore.

A popular edition of Russian folk-tales in English has yet to be placed upon the market. Seeing that it is hoped and expected that one of the beneficial effects of this terrible war will be the consolidating of a close union between the English and Russian peoples, a very great service would be rendered by the publisher who sought to introduce the ordinary Englishman to the beginnings of that splendid and invigorating literature which lies behind the more or less familiar novels of Tolstoy, Dostolevski, and Maxim Gorky.

Dudley Clark.

"HE COMES!"

(IN MEMORIAM "ROBERTS, F.M.")

A word sped through the trenches, like flame through summer grass,
 Where Sikh and Pathan and Gurkha crouch in the mud and rain,
 Where Rajput and Punjabi cheer at the shells that pass,
 Reckless of death or danger, eager to smite again.
 "Never a war like this war," a thousand bullets sing:
 "Great are the guns of the foemen; greater the British King."

A word sped through the trenches, "Our *Jung-i-Lâtsahib* comes!"

He, that was 'Bobs *Bahâdur*' of Kâbul and Kandahar—
 Unforgetting and unforgotten of us in our Indian homes—
 Soldier, he greets his soldiers in thunder and flame of war—
 His the will and the courage no burden of years can bend,
 Victor in the beginning; victor unto the end.

"Can we forget, who knew him in the noontide of his fame—
 Worthy avenger of heroes, little and wise and bold—
 When Hindostan was ringing with the glory of his name,
 And we that had seen bore witness wherever the tale was told?

Lo, neither fame, nor honors, nor years can wean his heart
From the warrior sons of India. Hall to our *Jung-Lát!*"

He came—and their eyes beheld him: changed, yet himself
indeed;

Still the face of their leader, though frosted with age and
frail;

Still the imperial spirit, supreme in the hour of need:

He came—and they gave him greeting: "Roberts *Bahádur*,
hall!

Conqueror, loved and honored from Comorin to Tibet,
Your trophy—the heart of India. Shall India ever forget?"

Enough that he had their greeting; enough that he saw and
heard

The cannon lighten and thunder, the flash and crash of the
fight;

Enough that the guns of England should speak the parting
word

As he passed beyond their voices into the Greater Light:

Enough that an Empire acclaims him—soldier, patriot, friend;
Victor in the beginning; victor unto the end.

Maud Diver.

The Cornhill Magazine.

AMERICA'S PROTEST.

We shall refer to the American Note as a protest because there have been many assurances that no unfriendly feeling on the part of the Washington Government inspired it. Whatever electoral influences may have brought about its transmission is not our affair. We have our party system, and are not strangers to the political pressure that can be used by collective interests. That the particular interests exercised in this instance are not only financial but probably racial is regrettable, but in a mixed community like the United States no important section can be ignored. In our own country there are alien bosses and cosmopolitan rings, all powerful in the immediate past, and for all we know still making their might felt. It is enough to know that the bulk of American sympathy is on the side of ourselves and of our Allies. The Note can there-

fore be discussed dispassionately and on business lines. The question of the right of search has not been raised; only of the manner in which that right is put into practice. The chief complaint is that the depression and restriction of Transatlantic trade, to whatever it may amount, is directly attributable to the methods adopted by the Admiralty to prevent contraband, and conditional contraband, cargoes reaching the enemy. We cannot, of course, admit this premise. It was not to be expected that eight European Powers should be at war without the whole world experiencing great dislocation of trades and industries. America would be one of the first to feel the effect of the central European markets being closed to seaborne imports. Taking the latest figures available, the exports from the States to Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bel-

gium, and Turkey amounted roughly to about eighty-five millions sterling. If Russia be included, another five millions may be added. It stands to reason, contraband or no contraband, that much of this export trade would be lost as soon as war was declared between Great Britain and the Teutonic Empires, inasmuch as it was mainly carried by the mercantile marines of those countries. Germany's merchant service is non-existent, and we certainly could not be expected to do her carrying trade. To imply therefore that American losses due to the war are attributable to the delays and uncertainties caused by the necessity of search is to misstate the situation.

That neutrals must suffer a measure of annoyance through any system of blockade may be taken as an axiom of naval warfare. Nevertheless neutrals are relieved of all responsibility and risk save that of confiscation. The running of contraband cannot be taken as an act of war. The burden of proof and of making a blockade effective lies with the belligerents. Moreover, no Power has been more insistent upon the full rights of blockade than America, as instance the Civil and Spanish-American wars. We are entitled to claim these precedents in framing a defence. That there have been many attempts to evade our vigilance is admitted by President Wilson himself, who says, "Great embarrassment had been caused to the Government because some shippers had concealed contraband in cargoes of non-contraband articles, for example under cotton. So long as there were instances of that kind suspicion would be cast on every shipment, and all cargoes would be liable to search." We need no better justification than that pronouncement. When it is added that a monopoly of some of the principal articles of contraband is held by German trusts; that

the wealth of the Guggenheims and Schroeders and a host of others of that ilk is at the back of these consignments, the zealotry of our methods calls for no excuse. Hence there remains only the question of unnecessary delay alleged to be caused by taking American vessels into British ports to be searched. But here again too little allowance is made for the difficulties of our task. It should be obvious that a warship cannot stand by in the open sea to search a neutral vessel and run the risk of being torpedoed by an enemy's submarine. We have had painful lessons of how ships flying neutral flags can be exploited.

In conclusion, we would put two propositions to the American people who can think impartially. Is it not true that we are fighting not only for the future security of ourselves and of our Allies, but of the New World as well? Is it not according to American ideals of humanity that this war should be as short as circumstances can make it? Neither proposition needs much demonstration. A triumphant Germany, with her vision of world domination, would make short work of the sanctity of President Monroe's doctrine. The millions of Germans domiciled in the two Americas would become secret agents of the Fatherland, if not active belligerents in time of discord, as they have been in Belgium and Poland. It is futile to suppose that the illimitable, untouched wealth of the Latin Republics would escape the cupidity of the world's masters. Then on the score of humanity. The war can be ended in two ways: by the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of vigorous lives, or by an economical pressure which will deny the enemy sufficient of the essential sinews of war. To help to bring about the more merciful consummation is Great Britain's present

object. And we hold that it is the duty of the United States, as a civilizing Power, to assist us, even if the obligation entails material losses and bars the way to great profits. We are sacrificing everything in the cause of international peace and the right of small nations to work out their own destinies. Is it too much to ask the

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other great representative of the English-speaking race to share that burden to the extent of submitting to commercial restrictions, the principle of which is not contested? We, on our side, shall be only too ready to redress any legitimate grievances which can be avoided without imperilling our national interests.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW OF AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

The opinion expressed, in a private letter recently quoted in the Press, by the late Admiral Mahan, of the United States Navy, that "if Germany wins by a big margin she is likely to be nasty to us" (that is to the United States) must have a profound influence in intensifying the sympathies of his countrymen in the cause of Germany's opponents. Admiral Mahan was not only a great naval strategist, but occupied towards his own country much the same position of acknowledged authority upon all questions of national defence as Lord Roberts held in Great Britain. Of both, too, it may be said that if their advice was not always taken, it rankled in the mind of the most sceptical or indifferent hearer. However reluctant the mind may be to accept an unwelcome truth, if it comes as the judgment of proved capacity joined to unquestioned patriotism the uneasy suspicion will remain that the warning voice may be right and ought not to be denied.

Englishmen are, no doubt, by this time convinced that the great body of opinion in the United States upon the right and wrong of the War coincides with their own, and that America's sympathies as a whole are with the Allies opposed to Germany and Austria. But the attitude of President Wilson's administration is another matter. After making every allowance

for the position of strict neutrality which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan regard as imperative upon the Government, their construction of the Government's duty seems strangely and needlessly remote from the general body of opinion and sentiment throughout that country. Does strict neutrality preclude any protest against the cynical violators of the Hague Conventions, to which the United States is a party? Does strict neutrality justify the President in enjoining upon his countrymen absolute silence upon the topic of the European War, on the ground that the expression of a private opinion is a violation of that neutrality? He has, for the same reason, we hear, forbidden the West Point Cadets to sing "It's a long way to Tipperary," so it may be assumed that for American military bands to play the "Marseillaise" or "Die Wacht am Rhein" would be an infringement of neutrality! Perhaps even "America" is taboo since, the air being the same as "God Save the King," its performance might be construed as an expression of sympathy! President Wilson must lack a sense of humor as well as a sense of proportion; but, that apart, his attitude has undoubtedly occasioned no little surprise, and the surprise deepens as we come to perceive more and more clearly how strongly Americans generally regard the justice

of Great Britain's cause, and trust in the success of her arms and the arms of her Allies.

"If Germany wins by a big margin," wrote Admiral Mahan, "she is likely to be nasty to" the United States. At this stage in the War it is quite safe to say that if Germany wins at all it will be by a big margin. So resolute are the Allies to make an end of her pretensions that they will fight to exhaustion if need be, and Germany cannot win without destroying the armies of Russia, France, and Britain, and the British Fleet. When all that happens she will be absolute mistress in Europe, and then, says Admiral Mahan, "likely to be nasty" in America; what German "nastiness" means all the world knows by this time.

If, then, that forecast is sound or if the prophet who uttered it has the prestige of a prophet in his own country, it must quicken, if not the Wilson administration, at least the public pressure that will be brought to bear upon it.

There are two influences at work to direct the current of America's sympathy in favor of Great Britain—pure sentiment and her sense of justice.

Amongst the great mass of Americans, those with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, sentiment counts for as much and as little as it does amongst the British—that is to say, like suppressed measles, it works the more virulently from being concealed. I know from personal experience that deep in the heart of the dominant race in the United States exists an almost passionate affection for England. A personal reminiscence may be cited as bearing on that statement. The writer, when a schoolboy surfeited with his country's history, said to his father on one occasion "Why do you seem so much more fond of England than

France? When England fought us France helped us, but everybody seems to forget that." His answer was terse but sufficient. "My boy," said he, "England is home." As my English ancestors emigrated to the American Colony of New England in 1632 it cannot be said that my father's "home" tie was a very personal one, but that tie is rooted deep enough in the Anglo-Saxon-American soul to have survived nearly three centuries of separation and all the normal family bickerings as well. Americans may love to conceal their love as an Englishman cannot help keeping his emotions on ice, but I know that both will shed tears in the dark over an emotional play and be equally ashamed of it. It is just as positive that if England were in difficulties President Wilson's neutrality fit would be cured by such an explosion of national sentiment that he would have no difficulty in discovering that the honor of the United States was deeply concerned in opposing Germany's *Weltpolitik*.

And in the same dominant class, which is well represented by Mr. Roosevelt's attitude on most public, social, and economic questions, the sense of justice, or rather of righteousness, to use the more comprehensive term, is inborn and of robust temper. To outsiders it is not so obvious as the extravagant frivolities of the very rich, not so notorious as the tricks of finance or the juggernaut course of competition, not so conspicuous as political chicanery and "graft," but it is a real and an invincible force when roused to action. It ended human slavery; it fought the doctrine of State secession to a finish in a civil war of four years' duration, and, though it often moves slowly, it achieves the triumph of the right in the end; and in spite of almost superhuman efforts to win America's sympathies for Germany, her keen sense

of justice marches with her sentiment of affection with equal step in support of Britain's cause. To these two factors must be added a growing consciousness of where her self-interest lies, and to this influence Admiral Mahan's dictum comes as a welcome reinforcement.

For if by any chance—by crippling Great Britain's fleet, or eluding it, or by any unexpected serious reverses to the Allies in the land campaigns—the door were opened to an invasion of England, America will realize all the more acutely from Admiral Mahan's warning that Germany's road to the United States lies through Great Britain; and what it means for Germany to traverse any road let Belgium and North-East France supply the answer. Germany had no occasion of enmity—no worthy grudge even against Belgium, for no fair fighter—no one possessing the least claim to be called a sportsman—could feel anything but admiration for little Belgium's plucky defence of her neutrality. And yet has Germany been "nasty" to Belgium or not? And if she gets to England is she "likely to be nasty to us" also or not? Those who write for her and speak for her are sufficiently outspoken indeed. That they do not mean to be nice to England is quite clear. They have described the country as they will leave it when they have marched over this road to a world-empire. The details are impressive. No existing monument of our greatness in history, literature or the arts is to be left for a future generation to see. Oxford shall be razed to the earth; Shakespeare's dust shall be scattered to the winds; and there is a vast deal more of it, for the German hate has imagination.

And after England Germany "is likely to be nasty to us," wrote Admiral Mahan. Americans are "likely" to reflect upon that judgment. It is

terse and homely, and strikes fire. To thousands of minds halting in opinion it will bring conviction—conviction that nothing but the success of England and her Allies stands between the United States and the "nasty" course of Germany's advance to other Continents than Europe.

When that conviction is driven home in the American mind—when American politicians and statesmen realize what it would mean to have their policy dictated by Germany—when their financial and commercial and industrial interests perceive they may be made subservient to German expansion—when they look forward to being compelled to allow themselves to be swamped by German emigration fostered and exploited by the Fatherland—when Germany has made herself supreme and invulnerable in Europe (*Deutschland über alles*) it will be seen that she cannot in the nature of things resist the impulse to be "nasty" everywhere else. Impulse! It will be no longer an impulse merely, but a profound conviction of her divinely ordained mission to spread German Kultur over the face of the whole earth, by fire and sword if need be.

And when that fact is realized by the most powerful, the most self-reliant and the proudest people who still remain neutral in this World-war, what then? Will their pride permit them to look on while England and France, Russia and Japan fight the battle for them? Will their self-reliance save them if perchance Germany should win through in this War? Will their power avail them with a German colony all along the three thousand miles of their northern frontier and ten million German-speaking inhabitants in their own land? These tentative forecasts may to-day sound grotesque, but forecasts much more inconceivable have come to pass in the whirl of history, and it is incontestable that German ambition

prefigures just such ends as her inevitable destiny.

The United States is doubtless convinced that under any hazard of circumstances she can defend herself, but has she counted the cost between throwing her moral support into the balance now, and the call upon her resources if Germany should win through? In that contingency, with England's naval power wiped out, she would be compelled to take up that rivalry in the creation of a vast sea power in which Great Britain has hitherto engaged with Germany. Has she considered the cost of a fleet of four or five hundred ships of war—of creating and maintaining in the highest efficiency an army of five million men? They would be needed if Germany, having made herself arbiter in Europe, proceeded to make herself, in Admiral Mahan's phrase, "nasty" to the Western Republic.

Does any sane person doubt that, if Germany wins, having annexed Belgium and a large slice of French territory along the English Channel, and having ravaged Great Britain, she would in her own time invade Canada? And who is to stop her? No country that is destitute of a huge navy and a vast army will stop her, and huge navies and vast armies require years to build, organize, and train for service. Would America trust to treaties

The Nineteenth Century and After.

and conventions to stay the progress of an ambition for universal empire fed by success after success? Germany has avowed that treaties are mere "scraps of paper," and shown that conventions have no meaning for her.

All that has been written above is no more than a widening commentary on Admiral Mahan's warning of Germany's will, under certain conditions, to be "nasty" to the United States. What I have written is no more a travesty than his words are a travesty. These things are on the knees of the Gods—they may come to pass. But the pregnant matter is this: If they may come to pass, what a tremendous risk America is running, in not throwing at least all her moral influence into the scale with the Allies, who are engaged in the herculean task of curbing German ambition for world-empire! That conflict, as every day makes clearer, has only just begun. Scarcely a shot has been fired as yet on German territory, and the hardest part of the struggle will come when Germany is at bay on her own soil. The Allies, whatever they feel they have a right to expect, are not soliciting America's moral support. I write as an American, not as an Englishman. But they would welcome that moral support. Only to be worth anything it should not be too long withheld.

Oscar Parker.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

I rode into Pincher River on an August afternoon,
The Pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune,
By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Athabasca
saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old
Scotch store,
Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's
door—

And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that they spoke was War.

War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong or right
When I knew my own old country was up to the neck in a fight?
I said, "So long!"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the trail to-night."

I wasn't long at my packing, I hadn't much time to dress,
And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot—more or less;
So I didn't wait for my ticket; I booked by the Hoboes' Express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in the day;
Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming way,
And—I left the First Contingent drilling at Valcartier!

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by me!);
I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy and grimy,
And they wanted hands for the voyage, and the old man guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet-dancer or a range-bred bronco mare;
She rolled till her engines rattled; she wallowed, but what did I care?
It was "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you take me there!"

Then came an autumn morning, gray-blue, windy and clear,
And the fields—the little white houses—green and peaceful and dear,
And the heart inside of me saying, "Take me, Mother, I'm here!"

"Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought you all that I own—
A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle and bone,
Six-foot-two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen stone.

"Here, and I hope you'll have me; take me for what I'm worth—
A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends of the earth
To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old land of his birth!"

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Ralph Connor's latest novel, "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," is a worthy successor to his earlier stories of the Canadian Northwest. It will prove especially interesting to those who read "Corporal Cameron" for they will find many familiar figures, both major and minor, in its pages; but as, in the last analysis, the protagonists of the author's books are not really Corporal This and Chief That but Courage, Wholesomeness, Humor, and Outdoors, it will serve almost equally well as a sequel to any of the others. Its one glaring flaw is the attempt to make a mystery of the ubiquitous Smith who slinks stealthily through the latter half of the book inaugurating house-raisings and kissing girls against the sunset sky. Ralph Connor's greatest virtue as a novelist is the whole-souled abandon, the unwavering sincerity and open-hearted self-confidence with which he flings himself into his story; and any suggestion of subtlety and concealment is foreign to him. George H. Doran Co.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's story "Freckles," first published eight or ten years ago, and of which, in its original form, more than 600,000 copies have been sold, reappears this season in a new illustrated edition (Doubleday, Page & Co.). It is so rare that a book of contemporary fiction, even among the "best-sellers," is remembered more than a few months, that this remarkable success calls for an explanation. This is to be found in the simple naturalness of the story, its truthful character-drawing, and the entire absence of that morbid "realism" with which so much of current fiction is disfigured. It is out-door life which is depicted in the story, the life of the

woods, but the crudeness which mars a great deal of western fiction is wanting. The artist who has decorated the edition in which "Freckles" starts out upon a new career is Thomas Fogarty, and his work, which includes four illustrations in color, eight full-page illustrations in black and white, and twenty or more smaller drawings which form chapter headings, furnishes a good interpretation and decoration of the text.

"From Chevrons to Shoulder-Straps" (The Page Company) is a spirited and diverting story of cadet life at West Point, by Florence Kimball Russel. It might seem, at first, unlikely that a woman should write a really good story of West Point, but the phenomenon is explained by the fact that Mrs. Russel spent five years there,—her husband, Major Edgar Russel, U.S.A., having been detailed as an instructor in the Military Academy. She saw West Point life, therefore, from the inside, and she depicts it with a true understanding of all its phases. The present story is the third of a series, and carries Jack Stirling, the hero of the three, through his junior and senior years. Boy readers will hope that this may not be his last appearance, but that the story of his later career may be told in later volumes. There are six full-page illustrations by John Goss.

It is Wilder Dwight Quint, a long-time Boston journalist, and himself a graduate of the college, who tells "The Story of Dartmouth" (Little, Brown & Co.). Few colleges are regarded with more loyal and abiding affection by their graduates than Dartmouth, and it may safely be assumed that Mr. Quint's task was a labor of love, as

he went through the old records, and traced the history of the college from the visit of Samson Occum and Nathaniel Whitaker to London in 1760, to get subscriptions for the "Indian Charity School" at Lebanon, Connecticut, which was the direct ancestor of Dartmouth, down to the flourishing college of to-day. The book is written with careful attention to detail, and to historical accuracy, but in an engagingly animated style, which makes it easy and pleasant reading. Incidentally, one obtains from it vivid glimpses of changing standards and customs both in college life and in the community at large, during the long period covered. Sixteen full-page illustrations present attractive views of the college buildings.

"Selina," by George Madden Martin, is a novel of the new South with reminiscences of the older South for its background, and occasional glimpses of the efforts of the younger generation to be modern. Selina is the centre of a group of young girls; Amanthus, Partingtonian, enchanting and engaging; Juliette, eager, diminutive, and ardently loyal; Maud, capable, unquiet, alert with innovation; Adele, conscientious stickler, debater, and innovator. The reaction upon one another of these five temperaments is indicated by airy, delicate touches. The older women and their efforts to be progressive yet unchanging and to be parliamentary at their club-meetings and yet courteous to the point of self-contradiction and absolute forgetfulness of logic and the question at issue are shown with charming skill. Lastly, four of the girls fulfil the whole duty of woman as laid down in the South, and make marriages agreeable to themselves and to their world. As is her habit Mrs. Madden maintains her attitude of indulgence to the creatures of her imagination, and does

not allow them to be disturbed by the shrewd comments of their elders, by a censor of eighty-three open-eyed years, or by their own blunders. What becomes of Selina? She is left open to conviction and "he" seems quite capable of convincing her. The thirty-five illustrations furnished by H. D. Williams are sympathetic in spirit and in execution with the subjects delineated. D. Appleton & Co.

A book of quaint and curious interest, and one that well repays reading, is William Edward Mead's "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century." Now-a-days, the well-to-do tourist "does" Europe in his motor-car, or did before the great war broke out; but a hundred and twenty-five or fifty years ago, even the richest "persons of quality" were packed into cumbrous diligences, walked laboriously up hill to rest the horses, slept on beds piled mountain high in poorly-kept inns, took their chances with highwaymen by the way, and experienced all sorts of discomforts, hardships and perils. Yet the "grand tour" was the regular thing as the finishing touch to a well-rounded education, and the records of the time, in biography or fiction, are full of it. These records have been fully explored by Mr. Mead, with an enthusiastic interest which has led him far afield in all the accessible literature of the subject; and he presents the fruits of his study in a delightfully vivid style. He describes the conditions of travel, on water and on land, the roads over which the grand-tourists travelled, the carriages in which they rode, the inns at which they stopped, the conveniences—and inconveniences—which they found there, the dangers and annoyances which befell them on their way, and what it all cost them; and he adds chapters in which he pictures France and Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Ger-

many and the Low Countries as these tourists of long ago saw them. He has been fortunate in being able to illustrate his book with copies of a number of ancient prints. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

Lyndon Orr's "Famous Affinities of History" does not literally begin with Adam and Eve, the antediluvian affinities, but discriminatingly chooses the most remarkable cases between those of Antony and Cleopatra and Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon. For some reason, the rather large group of Goethe affinities is neglected, and the cases of Queen Victoria's uncles receive only such notice as is necessary to show that the author is aware of the eccentricities of that aberrant group. After Antony come Abelard and Heloise; Elizabeth and Leicester; Mary Stuart and Bothwell; Christina of Sweden and Monaldeschi; Charles the Second and "poor Nelly"; Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur; Charles Edward Stuart and noble Flora McDonald and some of his less attractive later loves; Catharine and Prince Potemkin; Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen; Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux; and some of the Bonaparte women. Napoleon and Marie Walewska, the hardly won but faithful; Pauline Bonaparte of whom the less said the better, lovely although she was. As for the founders of the family, Charles and Lætitia, they were too virtuous to be interesting, but Josephine is for once described without sentiment. Marie Louise receives rather severe treatment, but it is shown that her provocations were extreme. The story of General Houston and the tale of the too agile and too often beloved Lola Montez are related as decently as is consistent with truth; Sam Houston's romances are lightly sketched and good words are found for Aaron Burr. Mr. Orr seems to prefer the

English-speaking races to all others, Teuton, Slav or Latin. Each chapter has its illustration, sometimes the reproduction of a famous picture, sometimes a characteristic portrait not made commonplace by frequent publication. Harper & Brothers.

No one who knows Mr. E. V. Lucas needs to be told that it is quite impossible for him to fall into guide-book dulness, when he undertakes to describe cities which it is worth while for the traveller to see. His style has a flavor of its own, and whoever joins him in his "wanderings" through foreign cities is sure of a most delightful and discriminating companion. If this was true, when, in successive volumes, he assumed the part of a "wanderer" in Florence, in London, in Holland and in Paris, it is pre-eminently true in his latest volume, "A Wanderer in Venice," for the unique and dreamlike charm of Venice makes the strongest possible appeal to him, and through him to the reader. The rare fascination of Venice is reflected from every page; and to the reader who does most of his travelling by his own fireside as well as to those who have seen for themselves the Grand Canal, the Doges' Palace, the Accademia, the paintings, statues and frescoes and all the memorable and beautiful things which give the city its peculiar spell over the visitor, the book will bring the keenest pleasure. There is just enough of history and not too much, just enough of biography and not too much. The descriptive dominates, as it should; but it is Mr. Lucas's own descriptive, not the guide-book sort. Not the least interesting chapters are those which touch upon the associations with Venice of Byron, Shelley, Ruskin, the Brownings and others. Sixteen illustrations in color by Harry Morley, and thirty-two photographs from paintings decorate the book. The Macmillan Co.